

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

During the past few weeks I have been frequently returning to the city on an early morning train, and have been much impressed by Toronto as it gets out of bed and turns with a yawn to the toll of the day. I am not fond of early rising myself, though I esteem it an excellent thing in others. I find it easier, however, to turn out early in the morning from a berth in a sleeping-car than from a more slumber-inviting bed at home. When the porter begins to pack away the bedding of deserted berths and shove up that ponderous and far-away thing known as an "upper," it is his invariable custom to make it impossible for anyone to sleep. After making beds and blacking boots, both of which occupations seem unfitted to a grown man; after being scowled at by those who have to go "upstairs" and growled at by those who find the car too hot or too cold, and after spending the moments when he would be pleased to snooze, in answering the bell, it is not strange that the porter begins the new day with an anxiety to collect his tips, fix up his car and get home. To facilitate the "getting home" part of the programme, he shuts up the upper berth next to one's own with a bang which suggests a collision at least. If you persist in trying to sleep, the porter permits himself, with apologetic readiness, to be crowded into your berth by some passer-by, or fixes the steps so that everybody who passes must necessarily brush your curtains aside and keep you awake. If these devices fail, he reaches in and gives you a more or less gentle shake and tells you that barely time remains to dress either for breakfast or your destination.

Though the porters on the Canadian Pacific Railway, particularly those on the Ontario branches upon which I have been traveling, are freer from these little tricks of their profession than any other men of their class, and the cars are really more comfortable than others, yet I am willing to get up in the morning and stand around the wash-room waiting for my turn at the soap and towels. I do not think I will ever become addicted to any morbid liking for hanging around a railroad train a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Least of all that section of a train where sleepy passengers glare at one another if more than a half a minute, three splashes of water and a dab of a towel are made to do duty for a bath.

If the sleepy passenger who seems to be finishing his nap standing up, and the scowling passenger who is evidently finishing a bad dream while awake, and the obtrusive passenger who mistakes that end of the car for his private state-room, are disagreeable, there is another who is still more objectionable. He is the gentleman who whistles at that unseemly hour, or sings and endeavors to convey the impression that he is a lark announcing the dawn. His gaiety is irritating, and he almost invariably uses two immense brushes as large as currycombs to fix his hair, and stands, until removed by force, in front of the mirror, into which I would like to peer for a moment in order to find out whether I look as tough as I feel. I am not sure, but I think it is bad form for anyone to whistle or sing in company of that sort without a written invitation. At any rate, this should become the rule, and then there would be no more indulgence in matin songs or self-complacent whistling to the accompaniment of splashing water, a towel or a pair of hair-brushes. I speak feelingly, for I waited for one of these birds of first-class passage till he sang and whistled through a whole opera this very morning, and felt sorry that he had probably inherited enough money to inflict himself on a great many different people in widely separated localities.

It is interesting to watch the alighting passengers, valise in hand, darting off in search of a carriage or a car. Why should the motion of a train affect people to such an extent that they cannot touch the platform without desiring to rush? If you will notice it, when people get off a train they always try to keep up the speed, and scarcely ever walk away with their ordinary deliberation and dignity. There are always plenty of carriages, such as they are, at the Union Station, and the conductors of the cars know enough to wait until the train has had a chance to empty itself. But it makes no difference; each passenger considers it his duty to clutch his valise and umbrella, shut his teeth, fix a desperate, maniacal eye on the passage-way, hold out his head like a trotting horse, and generally convey the impression that he is ready to break into a run at any second.

By the way, the street car arrangements at the Union depot are excellent. Probably they have been good for a considerable time, but I have had no occasion to use them until lately, when I was startled to find the best railway-station car service I have ever seen in any country. The conductor is not only polite but intelligent, can tell every enquirer where to transfer to another car, and enters into the spirit of the thing as if he were proprietor of a bus and determined to take all the business away from the cabs. An old gentleman taking the car at the station for the first time, a week or so ago, was so delighted with the service that he threatened to report the conductor for being the smartest fellow that ever collected a fare.

One often hears books called "immoral" and "bad," and so roundly denounced that it is only in secret that one dare open them with an

idea of finding out what the naughtiness is all about. As a rule, I find that people call books immoral without any good understanding of what they are talking about. The average reader calls a book immoral if it deals to any considerable extent with the life of a woman who has been guilty of a social lapse and has been found out. It seems to make no difference if she reforms and becomes a respectable person. Indeed, it seems to rather aggravate the offence of an author if he not only recognizes the existence of the female sinner, but by endeavoring to rehabilitate her suggests that she has not been guilty of the unpardonable sin. Books may be written about bad men and not be bad books, but write a book about a bad woman, or even permit her to have a prominent part in the story, and conventionally the book becomes a bad one. My idea of a bad book is one that teaches a bad lesson or is written for a bad purpose, or that makes it seem "cute" or "smart," or profitable, to be bad.

I think the reader should discriminate between the person written about and what

ing of thought and care. Such a habit should be avoided, and one of the first duties of parents, and one very commonly neglected, is to select the proper books; read over the preface with the young student; relate something of the life and struggles of the author, and interest the young mind not only in the story, but in the story of the story-teller, or the history of the history-writer. In this way the writer becomes a living person and what is written has a meaning outside of the tale told. It is quite useless to speak of one book being good and another bad. It will prove idle and ineffectual to hide the so-called objectionable book behind lock and key, for the mere presence of such a book in the house excites curiosity and a morbid desire to read it.

Many of the books stigmatized as bad, if properly read and explained would provide lessons for young people which parents sometimes feel delicate about giving without some text being offered. Thus, if parents would take the works of an accredited writer, read them first, understand them, make comparisons between the incidents related and incidents which are fami-

out offence. I have no use, however, for men who adopt these tricks to excite sympathy, obtain laudatory paragraphs and evade duties. This remark is caused by seeing in all the daily papers a carefully prepared paragraph with regard to one of the Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa, who has evidently taken infinite pains to load up the correspondents at the capital with a fairy tale about enormous burdens of his department having broken down his health. He would have us believe that he has been sitting up nights with a great big wet towel wrapped around his head, planning great plans, preparing voluminous bills and framing huge acts of parliament. It seems hardly generous to doubt this man's sickness, but I know his tricks so well that I am always on the lookout for some new piece of crookedness after he has had a sick spell. Unfortunately for himself, he is a man who does not even take pains to tell the truth on the floor of Parliament, but is every now and then caught in the act of prevaricating, and occasionally in downright falsehood. This being the case, I may be excused if I doubt the genuineness of Hon. Dr. Montague's attack of

work was the passing of remedial legislation, and a more difficult or iniquitous task never faced a premier. It may be said that a premier more fitted for the task never squared his shoulders to a job, for Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., has no scruples of conscience and no spotless record to be sullied by his self-imposed task of doing what no other man of prominence in Canada could be induced to countenance.

We may expect in Parliament a scene, or series of scenes, which has had no counterpart. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., must expect to face changes which will revive in the public memory scandals of long ago, and if already he has not had occasion to wish that the dead past might be permitted to bury its dead, he will soon wish that he had not outlived the men of his time and that his record were not likely to outlive him. True, he will have his son to help him, but woe betide the son who has to spend even a portion of his life in defending the honor of his father with the records of his country as accuser. The Ministry will doubtless rush to his rescue, but they are likely to be kept busy with their own records. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is likely to be sacrificed early in the game, for he is in the road. Then it will be seen that Sir Charles Senior came back to Canada to consult with the Premier while Sir Charles Junior knifed him in the back. Mr. Foster was joyously jollied into the scheme to his own undoing, and it is now a fight for life with him and no time or love can he spare for the Tupperes. The remainder of the Cabinet are of no account and will have to scramble for their seats.

Geographically the outlook is not cheering. Ontario does not want remedial legislation nor any more Tupperism. Manitoba is to be coerced, and self-respect alone will make her fight those who attempt to tyrannize over her. Quebec seems to stand behind Laurier, and no matter how the quarrel ends in Parliament the whole country will have its say before long. The remedial bill is to be pushed, and Sir Charles is now dripping with the oil of his anointment by Bishop Cameron, who stigmatized even those Catholics opposed to Tupper in Cape Breton as "hell-inspired hypocrites." The party is now more snarled up with the Church than ever, and the man who came to deliver us from the mess Bowell got us into has got us further into the mire. The next week will see some interesting developments, and those will be poor citizens who do not lend a hand to make the opinion of those unfettered by the hierarchy felt and appreciated.

The rumor that Sir Oliver Mowat intends to go into the Federal fight is well founded. He has been Premier of Ontario until there are no more honors to be won in a provincial fight. It was his intention to retire from public life at or before the next elections, but we all know that the prudence of which he possesses so large a share would impel him to leave affairs in charge of those who are now his lieutenants for some time before an appeal is to be made to the people, in order that they may prove themselves able to manage the concern. As he was going out at any rate, it is perfectly natural in a politician that he should assign any other reason than the right one for his course. Another triumph is possible; a victory in Federal politics! The Liberal party has a good chance of winning, not because they have been smart, but on account of the divisions in the ranks of their opponents. Now is the time for the astute Sir Oliver to strike and make a still greater name for himself, while doing his Federal friends a favor. There is no jealousy of him, and the smaller men know that without him they have a much poorer chance of winning. Ontario is the Opposition's weak point; it is Sir Oliver's stronghold. The bishops dare not try to bulldoze the Liberal party in Ontario if it is led by Sir Oliver, who has been their friend and who would still have power to tip over their apple-cart in the Legislature. Sir Oliver is popular with Catholics in every province, and still has the confidence of the Scotch Presbyterians, who will have nothing to do with remedial legislation. Surely Sir Oliver's name is one to conjure with, and the Liberals at Ottawa know it. Moreover, he knows it himself and is going into the fight to wind up his political career by a victory greater than he ever won before.

As to Sir Oliver's successor, there is not the slightest doubt Hon. Arthur Sturgis Hardy will take the place and Hon. Mr. Gibson will be his right bower. What of Hon. G. W. Ross, by all odds the cleverest platform speaker in Canada? Of his future movements I have no accurate information, but we all know that he has been stumping in Dominion politics, solidifying himself with the French in Montreal by saying things he would not say were he wise and intending to stay in Ontario politics. The inference is plain that he, too, intends to go into the House of Commons and take a portfolio if the Liberals win. If they do not win, we may see Hon. Mr. Ross back with us as Minister of Education, for he is something of a speculator and does not mind taking chances. Who will succeed him as Minister of Education if he leaves? Ah, there's the rub! With the change of ministers will come a considerable change of policy, and Mr. Ross's successor will not be a second Mr. Ross, but a man who is more businesslike and less disposed to be the whole educational system himself. However, we can well afford to let matters develop in the session which begins next week and



Prithce, pretty maidens,  
Smile your sweetest now  
While Cupid as your postman  
Makes an humble bow.

Smile, and let the roses  
Break their tender hearts,  
Jealous of the tidings  
Each token here imparts.

Smile, for I am laden  
With burning, love-lit lines;  
Your lover's hearts I bring you  
Disguised as Valentines!  
—Hobart.

is written. The Bible itself tells us much about wicked people, yet none but those blatant disbelievers who are anxious to find evil in everything, ever think of taking isolated portions of the history of God's people on earth and trying to prove that the Bible is an immoral book. On the other hand, we all recognize the Bible to be the greatest book that was ever written, containing not only the grandest literature and most stirring history, but the noblest lessons. George Eliot has written of bad people, yet none but prudes would think of calling her books bad. Skakespeare's work is thronged with men and women that we should not care to meet in life. Indeed, there is scarcely a book written that has not one or more bad characters in it. A book with a bad lesson in it is fortunately much more rare, and many of the works that have been placed in the Index Expurgatorius are there because they have been misunderstood. One might take the Bible and by skipping the noble and inspired lessons find two or three hours' reading which would do one no good. So we can take many books which deal plainly with life as it is, and by skipping the lessons and the connecting links discover much that is rude and, taken in the abstract, suggestive and improper. Books that depend upon careful reading and a mature judgment should of course be kept out of the hands of the young, who read for pleasure rather than profit, but no one who is to have access to the ordinary run of reading matter should be let dip into modern fiction, or even the works of standard authors, without first being taught how to read, and being, if possible, made to feel that reading is not a dissipation, something to fill in an idle hour. It is quite possible for novel-reading, the culling of the light parts of magazine literature and the daily scanning of newspapers, to become like dram-drinking, an habitual excitement and an unhealthy banish-

liar, they would discover some of the treasures which tolling authors have put on the pages of books merely to have them passed over by the idle, the sensation-hunter and the prurient. As a rule I believe in the good intentions of those who write books and put their names on the title page. No man or woman desires to go down to even the next generation branded as a purveyor of that which is indecent or even unwholesome. In justice to a writer one should take pains not to call his book bad or immoral. Much more in justice to the thousands who read such books should we be careful not to make it appear that their taste is perverted and their imaginations improper because they seek to know something of the mysteries of life.

This is an age of realism, and even children before they have reached their teens learn much in the public schools, and in schools of all kinds, that needs direction, and it is much better for them to have a full and clear understanding of the problems with which they will be confronted than to stumble on through life with a vague and fantastic notion that there is "fun" in being naughty, or pleasing adventure in doing risky and compromising things. Next to the ignorance that is bliss is the knowledge which is sufficiently full to assist its owner to escape from the snares of vague beliefs and dangerous guesswork.

It is bad enough when women arm themselves against the disagreeable contacts and misadventures of life by keeping a stock of headaches and sick spells on hand. We all know a number of people who can be relied upon to be indisposed when any disagreeable duty is likely to fall to their share. Very often these little attacks of indisposition are a polite and almost justifiable conventionalism which makes it possible for a refusal to be given with-

illness which will "necessitate him going to New York to consult a specialist." Until quite recently he was out on strike with the other six bolters, and in his newly acquired Department of Agriculture there is but very little to do. During the last trouble he had a sick brother somewhere that he had to go to see, and if anyone took pains to chronicle the movements of so small a personage this notorious self-advertiser and loader-up of reporters would be found to have escaped many a tight corner by falling sick or having some friend conveniently take to bed. In the present instance, after reading the news paragraphs with which the Minister of Agriculture has flooded the press of the country, together with the editorials accompanying them, one can imagine the tearful reporters gathered around his bedside, taking leave of the industrious stretcher as he is about to be removed in an ambulance to the private car Cumberland. To those who know the facts the whole business is a roaring farce, which is only kept from being superlatively funny by the element of babyishness, hunger for advertisement, and yearning for a chance to get out of a tight fix, which is more suggestive of the coward than the cavalier.

Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., has been elected in Cape Breton by a majority and is now in Ottawa safely installed as Secretary of State. The triumphal progress from the Sounding Sea to the Capital was all that it could be made by such a careful attention to details as an advance agent could give, and we are at last face to face with the problem, "What will he do with it?" The "it" in this context is not intended to refer to Sir Mackenzie Bowell, but to the job of getting the Conservative party into shape and proceeding with the work for which Parliament was called together. That



which will probably end before the Parliament at Ottawa expires.

Talking about politics, it must not be forgotten that even the great political parties are largely local in their issues. I have in mind more than one instance in which a strong-minded man has been the center of the Conservative party in his constituency for so many years that his party in that locality believes almost altogether as he does, or did. He might just as easily be a Reformer in principle, and without any change of principle he could vote Reform, and so could the entire Conservative party in his district, yet they would esteem it a lasting disgrace if any one of them voted except for the regularly nominated Conservative candidate. As a matter of fact, they are held together only by common local interests and a name. In other localities Reformers have organized and stood together for many years without any governing principle that was not local.

It can be readily understood that in all such circumstances the party in its make-up and beliefs largely resembles the people who got it together. So true is this that many men who had been Reformers all their lives, when settling in a new locality find themselves so out of touch with the people of their own party that they work with the Conservatives, and vice versa. Local contests are the cause of party lines being drawn in strange places. In Ontario, until remedial legislation was proposed by Sir Mackenzie Bowell the Orangemen were almost solidly Conservative. In the Maritime Provinces, owing to fights over the school question, the Orangemen were nearly all Liberals, so it can be seen that even so strong a force can expend itself in two different party directions and still have the same impulse at heart and wear the same Protestant name. Scott's Act contests, family feuds, line fence disputes, slanders, church rows, and all sorts of things have much to do with creating the most fixed and unyielding divisions which ultimately adopt party names, and thereafter one faction is always bound to vote against the other.

This being the case, of course it is absolute nonsense for anyone to talk about this party being honest and the other party dishonest. Human nature is the same in both, the average respectability is about the same in both, or what is worse, the average ignorance of all political truths and economic laws is about the same in both. What is most needed is the dropping of slavish devotion to party names, the abandoning of fool-faith in party cries, and a general effort to elect representatives with a strong and clear-cut belief in almost any political doctrine. We are cursed now with a lot of men who believe in nothing except the getting of office and the collecting of pay. Impetuous men should be avoided, particularly if they have been failures in their own business and have many people dependent upon them. The temptations offered to such men to become mere party drudges in order to obtain some petty office are overwhelming. The man sitting in Parliament trying to make himself solid for an appointment, is nothing but a slave of the administration and a curse to the country.

#### Social and Personal.

The only large private dance this week was given by Mrs. George Gooderham, jr., in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, when a mild evening made going and coming not quite the pilgrimage it has been on other evenings lately, when sleet, rain or snow raged inconspicuously. And easy transit only prepared a large party of the merriest young folks imaginable for a most delightful dance, whereat everything available was turned to minister to their happiness.

On Thursday evening last St. George's Hall was the scene of the presentation of Mr. Charles J. F. Price's dramatization of Marie Correlli's story *Thelma*, by the Thespian Club, under the direction of Mr. Cleworth, of which I hope to speak next week.

The prophecies of fun to be enjoyed at the Princess Theater on Saturday evening by those who succeeded in getting seats, or even standing room, for the Wanderers' concert and *olla podrida*, were amply fulfilled. Never did a more hilarious audience and a more utterly funny show meet in a Toronto theater. Bicycling has taken such a hold on the community that even a medium entertainment would have been made the best of by people who would never have attended such an affair under other auspices, but the Wanderers did not give a medium show, but an exceedingly good one, without a dull number from start to finish. The ushers beamed a cordial welcome, even the cloak woman was heartily glad to see the great crowd packing the seats, bordering the aisles, perching on the alcove ledges and filling boxes to their outside limit. The prompt boxes were occupied by two parties of ladies and gentlemen, while overhead the Lornes cheered and applauded, and decorated their loges with their banners and colors; *vis a vis* were the "Varsity boys and the Banjo and Guitar Club, who played beautifully. The orchestra of Hungarian girls, in unhappy-looking petticoats and radiant yellow wigs, (by the way, I never knew any blonde Hungarians) must have made the spirits of Wagner and Liszt turn cold in horror, by the rendition of selections purporting to be composed by the great masters. Of the solos, Miss (or Mr.) Gianelli's cornet solo, with its echo from the gods, was immense; Mr. R. K. Barker gave a couple of Irish songs in his best style; Mr. Charlie Palmer sang two songs of his own composition in a very taking manner, and was admirably accompanied by a clever pianist. Fanny Tommy Baker won great applause with his inimitable singing. The other people on the programme all did their parts admirably. The event of the evening was the competition of nine bicycle clubs for the possession of an immense cake, many stories high, and iced and decorated in great shape. Loud and long the audience laughed, as the various "coons" postured, shuffled and cut capers, and their lady partners ably aided and abetted their efforts. Many of the specta-

tors had heard of the traditional darky cake walk, but the exposition given by the bicycle boys was quite a revelation. The couple representing St. Alphonsus Club were really most smart and graceful, the lady (I) being dressed very much *a la mode* in canary and black, and dancing like a fairy. Miss Brown and Mr. Ward McAllister Smith, who represented the Royal Canadian Club, were next in favor, though Miss Brown's exuberant spirit earned her several rebukes from the floor manager. She was a gleesome darky! A very smart couple in black and gold also merited applause. The Athenaeum pair wore rather hard-up costumes, the lady apparently not having observed the proverbial command to cut your coat according to your cloth, for whereas she wore a considerable attempt at a train, her skirts in front were decidedly abbreviated, with appalling revelations in the way of frills. The Wanderers cleared a large sum by the entertainment and added to their reputation as the cleverest club in Toronto when the dispensing of fun is the object in view. They did more, for among the audience were many who had their doubts as to the doings at a "smoker," and have been known, since the first Argonaut smoker, given years ago, to advise their sons, brothers and sweethearts of the fact, and vainly have they been assured that fun, sport and general merriment were the attractions of the ever-popular smoker. As they sat and laughed till they cried, on Saturday evening, they were probably finally convinced. By the way, the scene from Hamlet, though awfully out of order in the prevailing atmosphere, was well rendered by the three clever people taking part, and would have been much better appreciated in more suitable environment. It is hard to jump from Tim Doolan to Shakespeare, and from Hamlet to Scholtes and Cooper, who gave the funniest prize-fight ever witnessed by a mirth-convulsed crowd, and the arrangement of whose muscles filled one with wonder and confusion of mind.

Everyone seemed to be at the theaters on Saturday evening. The Grand was crowded for a last enjoyment of Hare and his splendid company of players. Seldom has the universal verdict been so happy as in his case. Everyone seemed the better and brighter for having seen the little repertoire of excellent plays presented last week. And this week we have Sandow, the man who amazed us all in Chicago at the Trocadero on the lake front, the man who is the perfection of muscular development and a very nice fellow as well.

Mrs. Shirley Danison gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

A tea which interested a number of smart people on Saturday was given by Mrs. Frederick Mowat of St. George street.

The Faculty of Moulton College will be at Home on St. Valentine's Day from 4.30 to seven o'clock.

Among those whom I noticed in Mrs. Herbert Mason's pretty suite of rooms on Saturday were: Mrs. Sweetnam, Mrs. and the Misses Mortimer Clark, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Perkins and Miss Dillon, Mrs. Acton Burroughs, Captain Robertson, Mr. Nordheimer, Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Alfred Mason, Miss Lesslie and some others.

Mrs. Herbert Mason's small musical on Saturday was a very charming treat, and the encomiums passed on Mrs. Webster's playing must have gratified both artist and hostess alike. Mr. Webster accompanied his clever wife, and also sang several songs, his voice sounding well and the people being impressed into utter silence during the singing. Mrs. Webster played many times, selecting such pieces as showed the capability of the mandolin to express varied styles, and quite a difference of opinion was expressed as to which was absolutely the most happy selection. Some preferred the Cavatina; some, one or other of the Volk songs, chosen from five or six different nationalities and markedly descriptive; the German Cradle Song pleased many best. After the music came a dainty tea, and a very artistic and refined affair was brought to a close with thanks and adieux from the smart people who attended it.

The second clashing of dates between good old Trinity and the dashing young Athletic Club, in regard to their annual dance, has been most unfortunate. Both parties, however, had proceeded too far in their arrangements to again postpone the respective functions, and while each regrets the unpromised *embarras de richesse*, it cannot be helped. It is not easy to postpone and postpone again, and the committee who has had to face disconcerted lady patronesses and fractious musicians for one postponement, knows better than to get into such a hard place again, even if it were possible that everyone concerned was free for a second date.

Mrs. Thomas Allison of College street and Mrs. P. C. Larkin have gone on a trip to Bermuda and West Indies for three months.

Mrs. Joseph Macdougall of Carlton Lodge and Miss Dorothy Blomfield left on Monday for Ottawa, where they will attend the grand costume ball given by Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, on St. Valentine's night.

The Bachelors of Orangeville give their annual ball next Tuesday evening in the Town Hall.

A lot of things were dated for the seventh, last evening. Upper Canada College at Home, with this grand list of patronesses, captured the young people: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Charles Moss, Mrs. J. J. Kingmill, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Frank Arnold, Mrs. W. S. Jackson, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. N. G. Bilton, Mrs. John Watson, Mrs. C. L. Parmenter, and Mrs. R. Darling. The Leap Year dance given by Whitby's matrons and maids and showing patrons instead of patronesses, as follows: Judge Dartnell, Dr. Warren, Colonel O'Donovan, Messrs. T. A. McGillivray, G. A. Ross, with Mrs. G. A. Ross as honorary secretary, was also a function which last even-

ing tempted some of our people. Knox College was filled with guests for the annual conversation on the same date.

Miss Minnie Darby has been home for a short vacation, looking very well and pretty, and being greeted with much pleasure by her old friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Jarvis has sent out cards for an At Home at her residence, 258 Jarvis street, on next Monday afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

I am glad to see that a much needed school for the instruction of cyclists is to be opened to day in a very central part of the city. The riding academy is situated near the junction of Yonge and Queen streets, over the establishment of McDonald & Wilson, 187 Yonge street, and is known as the Remington Cycle School. The hall is very nicely fitted up, and ample space is secured for a large riding class. The hours reserved for ladies are every morning from nine to twelve, and three afternoons and evenings a week. That many beautiful wheels are often injured by casualties consequent upon the wild vagaries of beginners not properly guided and instructed, is a fact agreeably evident to cycle manufacturers and deplored by everyone else. The price of a course of riding lessons would be more than covered by one repairer's fee, and the bruises and discomfort suffered by the novice quite obviated. Great care will be exercised in the scrutiny of names submitted for instruction, and every effort put forth to make the Remington Cycle School the most agreeable and interesting place in which to pass away an hour, for cyclists and would-be cyclists. Many a timid girl and nervous matron will find the Riding School a short and safe cut to the Happy Land of Wheelodom.

Last evening the "Fifty" gave a dance at Webb's parlors, of which I shall speak further in next issue.

As Lent draws near, the dancing set in smart society finds many events crowding upon them before the day of sackcloth and ashes puts an end to the merry whirl. The *bal poudre* is the last affair of importance on the list, and is, as usual, fixed for the Monday before Ash Wednesday. The Pavillon will be the scene of the pretty function and the Ladies' Work Depository the beneficiary.

A young firm of solicitors has just broken loose from the firm of McCarthy, Oslar, Hoskin & Creelman, Messrs. H. A. Court & Barker, who are nicely located in the new SATURDAY NIGHT building.

The Zeta Psi fraternity held their annual banquet at Webb's on Saturday night. Mr. Edmund Bristol, the present head of the fraternity in America, was chairman, and two delegates from McGill University, Messrs. Campbell-Howard and Doucet, were among the guests.

Mrs. Irving Cameron gave a young people's tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Sleight parties have haunted the town and country since the plentiful supply of the beautiful which has blessed us recently. From the modish party, with six horses, which swept through the streets and sought the country last week, to the humble "bob" with its tin horns and cow-bells, their name has been legion.

The telephone service, which has been demoralized for the past fortnight, is almost all in working order again. The annoyance and disappointment caused by the wreck of the wires has been very keenly felt in social as well as in business and professional circles, for the little "hello" box plays no mean part in our society drama, or comedy, or farce, which ever our humor chooses to call it.

The Alpha Delta Phi, the fraternity which has been honored by the membership of James Russell Lowell, Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher, held their annual dinner at Webb's on Thursday evening of last week. Among the guests were: Professor Baker, Professor Mavor, Dr. Jim Thorburn, Messrs. Charles Garrow, Jack Meredith, Jack Falconbridge, Harry Evans, Carl Riordan, W. McLean Macdonald and W. H. Moore. Covers were laid for thirty three.

Miss Magdalen Meredith, who has been visiting her grandmother in London, returns home next week.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Scott makes the second defalcation of the trio of good friends who in bachelor days began a friendship which is proof against the entrance of woman into the charmed circle. Mr. W. McLean Macdonald's marriage, followed by that of his partner, Mr. Scott, leaves only one still unwed, and it is only a matter of time before he also enters the ranks of the benedicts, his scalp even now hanging before a Rosedale wigman.

Next week beautiful old Trinity will welcome her friends, and never through all the year does one go with gladder face than to the annual conversat. within her academic walls. The cosy rooms of this and that pet don or student, the librarian's charming little snuggery, the loving cup of good host Huntingford, the cheery welcome of the professor down stairs in his quiet old library, the scurrying flight down bewildering corridors—Ah! there's no place like old Trinity for a good evening of pleasant converse, and may next week be the happiest of all under the new provost's kindly rule.

Mr. George Brown of Edinburgh has been for some days in town and is visiting his uncle, Mr. Gordon Brown.

Mr. Charles Duff Scott of Toronto was married last month to Miss Harriett Cowen Dent in Le Mars, Iowa, the home of the bride. The wedding was distinctly a smart social event and the description given by the local papers was most enthusiastic. The ceremony took place at St. George's Episcopal church. The chancel was converted into a veritable garden of beauty. Above, a canopy of green was formed by leafy cedar and glistening smilax. The walls about were hidden with luxurious Southern plants, while stately palms flanked either side. Wreaths of smilax were en-

twined about the chancel rail, and beyond, the pure white masses of snowy roses and chrysanthemums, heaped in lavish profusion, covered the altar itself. The rich altar cloth of white and gold was fringed with perunias and mignonette, their sweet odor permeating every nook and corner of the chapel. Connecting ropes of smilax extended to the pipe organ, which was decorated with green garlands by another bank of palms. The bridal flattery is thus described. "Never more beautiful than upon her marriage day, the lovely young woman advanced slowly with queenly mien. She was preceded by her bridesmaids, Miss Edythe Dent, her sister, and Miss Dorothea Matthews, who were costumed in becoming gowns of pink satin and crepon with pink roses. The bridal gown was of finest fabric of ivory satin and crepon, exquisitely draped, and with a wealth of filmy lace. She carried a large bouquet of orange blossoms, and others were also nestled in her *coiffure* and caught up at the neck with a valuable star of diamonds, the wedding gift of the groom. The long train was borne by the two pages, Masters Chafin Dent and Randall Sammis, who wore court costumes of white satin, trimmed with velvet." Mr. and Mrs. Scott will arrive in Toronto about the fifteenth of this month.

I hear from Ottawa that Mrs. J. J. McGee of Daly avenue entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen at a card party on Tuesday evening. Among the invited guests were: Hon. John and Mrs. Costigan, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Isbester, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. Gillis, Mr. Lynn, Hon. M. McDonald, C.B., Mr. Macdonald, M.P., Consul General and Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Connor and others. Also, that Mrs. John Costigan gives an At Home on Wednesday, February 12; and that their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen give an At Home on Wednesday, February 12, from 9.15 to 12 o'clock.

The ladies of the Russell House give a card party every Saturday evening for themselves and the gentlemen boarders only.

Mrs. Chamberlain gives a large dance in the Racket Court on Tuesday evening next.

The usual skating party comes off at Rideau Hall on Saturday afternoon.

On Wednesday the marriage was celebrated of Mr. Frederick William Gerald FitzGerald and Miss Clara DuBois Oslar, third daughter of Mr. Justice Oslar, the two young people being among the best known in social circles in Toronto.

Mrs. Thomson, 57 Queen's park, gave a beautiful reception on Wednesday afternoon. The table was simply and exquisitely decorated with white and green, hyacinths being the flowers selected. The sweetest of music was made by the Italian orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Dineen have sent out cards for the celebration of their silver wedding on the thirteenth of this month.

Mrs. James Weeks of Thorold has returned home after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. S. T. Church of Alexander street.

A pleasant social evening was enjoyed by a number of friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Church, 53 Alexander street, on Friday of last week.

The Athletic Club dance on the twelfth is assured of success, as the demand for tickets has been very large. The music will be supplied by D'Alessandro, who is much favored by the Athletic Club on all occasions. The supper will be both varied and elegant. The ladies committee held their annual meeting this week. Mrs. Walter S. Lee continues in the president's chair. Mrs. Goldwin Smith is the honorary president. Mrs. Forsythe Grant and Mrs. Harry Pellatt are vice-presidents. The committee remains the same as last year.

The residence of Mr. E. Merrett in West King street was on Wednesday evening the scene of a very pretty though quiet wedding, when his niece, Miss Rose Bright was united in marriage to Mr. T. H. (Harry) Cramp. Rev. E. H. Copp of St. Stephen's tied the knot. Miss Ina Merrett, cousin of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while the groomsmen was Mr. George E. Roden. Although this little affair was quite private, the presents were numerous and very handsome.

Mrs. Harry Walker of St. Vincent street gave a very pretty tea last week. The decorations were pink and green, and the buffet was done in crossed ribbons and flowers. Mrs. Walker received in a white silk gown and was assisted by a smart party of pretty women and girls.

The Bachelors of London gave a ball at the Tecumseh House on Friday evening, February 7. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. T. H. Carling, Mrs. G. C. Gibbons, Mrs. G. B. Harris, Mrs. I. F. Hellmuth, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. T. G. Meredith, Mrs. R. C. Macfie, Mrs. J. H. Niven, Mrs. E. Jones Parke, Mrs. W. J. Reid, and Mrs. Henry Smith. Mr. George C. Gunn was honorary secretary, and the following gentlemen were stewards: Messrs. H. Randolph Abbott, Richard A. Hayly, A. Ormsby Graydon, Frederick F. Harper, H. R. Lyon, H. Marshall Graydon, L. A. Little, Thomas W. Martin, George Macbeth, A. M. Smith, Frank Reid, and R. O. Shaw-Wood.

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Social and Personal.

What constitutes success in a public ball? Absolutely the attendance in great numbers of those who form the fearfully and wonderfully divided sets in the upper stratum of society. For the various committees may provide the best of music, the most elegant of suppers and the most absolutely enticing of floors, and if the crowd does not materialize, verily all is vanity! Such was the deplorable experience, in a modified degree, of the young fellows who worked so hard to make things lovely for men and maids at Osgoode Hall last Friday. We who went revelled in room to dance, which we have never found there before, and alternately congratulated each other on the superlatively good time we were having, and regretted the reason why we had it, for the sake of the committees aforesaid. Osgoode never looked better. New beauties are here every year, and this year the new library is her chiefest pride and boast. It is really a charming place; the ceiling, in soft cream and warm pale browns, is prettily stuccoed, the walls are hand-carved with wreaths and the whole apartment is a gem. Mr. Grier's picture of Professor Reid, which was hung in the Law Schools, attracted many comments, and the portrait of Chief Justice Meredith, recently hung on the landing of the main stairway, was much admired—though it does not in the least flatter the original. A man has assured me that if one looks long enough at this picture, one can see the left thumb wiggle. There is every excuse for such a performance on the part of the thumb, as its position is very strained. But there were better things to look at than the counterfeit presentations of handsome men. There were some beautiful girls, three of whom being comparative strangers in Toronto especially attracted notice. Miss Harrison, with perfect complexion and dark eyes and hair, was most distinguished; Miss Skill of Cobourg was beautiful and much admired in a black gown with a white *coque* boa; Miss Stanton, another "daughter of the gods, divinely tall," was charmingly gowned in white. A pretty debutante was Miss Smith of Huron street, who was in white silk and crimson roses, and chaperoned by Mrs. Moorhouse. A group of chaperones were in the gallery of Convocation Hall, and the platform had its usual cosy corner near the band and screened with palms. Guests went in at one door and out at the other, and woe betide you if you reversed the order. There were red-coated soldiers who smartly ordered you back and who refused to be cajoled. The supper, which was served by Williams in the rotunda, as usual was really beyond criticism, and its excellence explained how this new caterer has managed to capture so many large contracts this season. The tables were elaborately decorated and I was quite sorry that circumstances did not permit of my tarrying to make personal test of the good things thereon. A few of the people I noticed were: Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, in a handsome salmon brocade with lace applique; Mrs. Ferguson, in lavender brocade; Mrs. Macdougall, in canary and black; Miss Sheila Macdougall, in a pretty red frock; Miss Dorothy Blomfield, in black and pink; Mrs. Marsh, in striped silk with green velvet; Mrs. Charles Murray, in heliotrope and white silk and chiffon; Mrs. James Ince, in pink; Mrs. Mulock, in dove gray brocade; Mrs. Mulock, jr., in pink, with cultrass of crystal embroidery bordered with swan's-down; Mrs. Harrison, looking very handsome in gray brocade and fine lace; Mrs. May, in white and black striped silk; Mrs. Ritchie, in a rich and becoming gown; Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, in robin-egg blue silk, with chiffon and a charming *coiffure* adorned by one crimson rose. Several people came quite late after the not-to-be-resisted temptation of an evening at the Grand. Miss Hodgins, Miss Small and several others were in a party I passed going out. Others present were: The Misses Mortimer Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson; Colonel Otter, Mrs. and Miss Montizambert, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, who looked very well in black, with lace and velvet; Mr. Alexander, Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Carverth, Mr. Andrew Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Riddell wearing an elegant gown of white satin, brocaded with pale blue flowers; Mrs. Robert Skynner, in white satin; Mrs. Woodward of New York, and her hostess, Miss May Walker, in a pink gown; Mr. Audrey Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, the lady in a dainty gown of pure white; the Misses Ferguson of Eastlawn, and many others. While the *sine qua non* of success was somewhat wanting and people one hoped to see were not there, still Osgoode was charming and everyone enjoyed it immensely. Various queer theories have been aired as to why people did not turn out better. A simple reason was that rather a large exodus of conspicuous society people has recently taken place, and many of our best known people are away. Then, again, several dinners were on last Friday evening, and a splendid and popular attraction wooed many down town to the Grand.

An indignant young person having threatened me with dire vengeance if I again use the word booby in designating the prize accorded to the least adept in cheating at the various progressives which obscure the social horizon, I have agreed with her (she is the larger) that in future "Consolation prize" shall be substituted for the aforetime designation.

An afternoon progressive on Tuesday was given by Mrs. Grace of Madison avenue, who only returned a short time since from a trip of several months. Mrs. Grace also gave an evening progressive on Wednesday, which was very enjoyable.

Very elegant dinners were given this week by Sir Casimir and Lady Gaiswaki at the Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, and by Major and Mrs. Cosby of Maple-hyrr.

A very pretty wedding was quietly observed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lindsay, Milton, on January 29, the contracting parties being Miss Mamie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay, and Mr. David Tracksell of Seaforth. The bride was attired in a beautiful costume of gray bengaline and car-



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ried an elegant bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Emma Tracksell, and best man Mr. Jack Lindsay of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Mahaffy in the presence of the near relatives and a few chosen friends. After the *dejeuner* the happy couple left for Toronto and points west, before settling in Seaforth, their future home.

The German Conversation Club, under the direction of Herr Wilhelm Braun, B.A., commences a new term Saturday evening, February 8, at eight o'clock, in the parlor of St. George's Hall, Elm street.

Mr. J. D. Boulton, late of Molson's Bank, Toronto, and also of the branch at Waterloo, was banqueted at the Alexander House by his friends on the eve of his departure for Essex. Mr. McBride, formerly of Toronto, very ably filled the chair.

Miss Elizabeth King is spending a few weeks in New York, being the guest of Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wilbur.

Mrs. McLaughlin's tea last Friday was largely attended and much enjoyed by all the guests. The shades and decorations of the buffet, which was very nicely arranged, were in pale pink, and a number of pretty girls waited on the guests, dispensing the usual dainties. Mrs. McLaughlin's three handsome children were here, there and every where being petted and admired by everyone, and Master Willis, the eldest, was quite a small *cavalier des dames*, looking after the ladies in a most devoted and solicitous manner.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty's afternoon on Saturday for the members of the Woman's Art Association was one of the most interesting and pleasant affairs of the week. The handsome drawing-room on Isabella street was filled with lady artists, friends of artists, and lovers of art, who listened with great interest to Miss FitzGibbon's talk about Canadian Art subjects, and to some quiet and forceful remarks from Mrs. Curzon, whose words are always backed by thoughts deep and true. After these informal remarks, five o'clock tea, or, more properly speaking, an elegant repast was served in the dining-room and reception-room. The utmost limit of time saw the guests still lingering, till sudden memory of theater engagements, German Club *soiree* and bicycle concert startled them into precipitate flight from the too hospitable mansion. A few of the ladies present were: Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Farrar, the Misses Carty, Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins, Miss Maud Givens, Miss McConnell, Miss Susie Ellis, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Sheppard and many others.

The University conversation and St. Valentine dance promises a great deal of enjoyment, and everything is being done by the committee to ensure the comfort and pleasure of those attending the function. One may dance this year in the new "gym," as it is familiarly known, and I hear very nice things about this gymnasium as regards its suitability for such amusement. Mr. W. E. Burritt, 103 Bay street, is the member of the committee who has charge of the tickets for the concert.

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A lady says: "I spent \$10 with another teacher and learned nothing. I am sorry that I did not come to you in the first place. I have a friend and she spent \$20 with the same teacher—same result." No branch academy.

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## CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

There was silence for a few moments, and then the stranger saluted the lady with a formal reverence as he laid down his gold-handled cane.

"Surely, madam, this mansion of my Lord Fareham's must be enchanted," he said. "I left a crowd of attendants, and the stir of life below and above stairs, only this forenoon last past. I find silence and vacancy. That is scarce strange in this dejected and unhappy time; for it is but too common a trick of hiring nurses to abandon their patients, and for servants to plunder and then desert a sick house. But to find an angel where I left a hag! This is the miracle! And an angel who has brought healing, if I mistake not," he added in a lower voice, bending over the sleeper.

"I am no angel, sir, but a weak erring mortal," answered the girl gravely. "For pity's sake, kind doctor—since I doubt not you are my lord's physician—tell me where are my dearest sister, Lady Fareham, and her children. Tell me the worst, I entreat you!"

"Sweet lady, there is no ill news to tell. Her ladyship and the little ones are safe at my lord's house in Oxfordshire, and it is only his lordship yonder who has fallen a victim to the contagion. Lady Fareham and her girl and boy have not been in London since the plague began to rage. My lord had business in the city and came hither alone. He and the young Lord Rochester, who is the most audacious infidel this town can show, have been bidding defiance to the pestilence, deeming their nobility safe from a sickness which has for the most part chosen its victims among the vulgar."

"His lordship is very ill, I fear, sir?" said Angela interrogatively.

"I left him at eleven o'clock this morning with but scanty hope of finding him alive after sundown. The woman I left to nurse him was his house steward's wife, and far above the common kind of plague-nurse. I did not think she would turn traitor."

"Her husband has proved a false steward. The house has been robbed of plate and valuables, as I believe, from signs I saw below stairs; and I suppose husband and wife went off together. It was an artful device of those plunderers to paint the red cross on the door, and thus scare away any visitor who might have discovered their depredations. But you, madam, a being so young and fragile, have you no fear of the contagion?"

"Nay, sir, I know that I am in God's hand. Yonder poor gentleman is not the first plague-patient I have nursed. There was a nun came from Holland to our convent at Louvain last year, and had scarce been one night in the house before tokens of the pestilence were discovered upon her. I helped the infirmarian to nurse her, and with God's help we brought her round. My aunt, the Reverend Mother, bade me give her the best wine there was in the house—strong Spanish wine that a rich merchant had given to the convent for the sick—and it was as though that good wine drove the poison from her blood. She recovered by the grace of God after only a few days' careful nursing. Finding his lordship stricken with such great weakness, I ventured to give him a draught of the best sack I could find in his cellar."

"Dear lady, thou art a miracle of good sense and compassionate bounty. I doubt thou hast saved thy sister from widow's weeds," said Dr. Hodgkin, seated by the bed, with his fingers on the patient's wrist, and his massive gold watch in the other hand. "This sound sleep promises well, and the pulse beats somewhat slow and steadier than it did this morning. Then the case seemed hopeless, and I feared to give wine—though a free use of generous wine is my particular treatment—lest it should fly to his brain, and disturb his intellectual at a time when he should need all his senses for the final disposition of his affairs. Great estates sometimes hang upon the breath of a dying man."

"Oh, sir, but your patient! To save his life, that would sure be your first and chiefest thought."

"Ay, ay, my pretty miss; but I had other measures. Apollo twangs not ever on the same bow-string. Did my sudorific work well, think you?"

"He was bathed in perspiration when first I found him; but the sweat-drops seemed cold and deadly, as if life itself were being dissolved out of him."

"Ay, there are cases in which that copious sweat is the forerunner of dissolution; but in others it augurs cure. The pent-up poison, which is corrupting the patient's blood, finds a sudden vent, its virulence is diluted, and if the end prove fatal, it is that the patient lacks power to rally after the ravages of the disease, rather than that the poison kills. Was it instantly after that profuse sweat you gave him the wine, I wonder?"

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"It was as speedily as I could procure it from the cellar below stairs."

"And that strong wine, given in the nick of time, reassembled nature's scattered forces, and rekindled the flame of life. Upon my soul, sweet young lady, I believe thou hast saved him! All the drugs in Bucklersbury could do no more. And now tell me what symptoms you have noted since you have watched by his bed; and tell me further if you have strength to continue his nurse, with such precautions as I shall dictate, and such help as I can send you in the shape of a stout, honest serving-wench of mine, and a man to guard the lower part of your house, and fetch and carry for you?"

"I will do everything you bid me, with all my heart, and with such skill as I can command."

"Those delicate fingers were formed to minister to the sick. And you will not shrink from loathsome offices—from the application of cataplasms, from cleansing foul sores? Those blains and boils upon that poor body will need care for many days to come."

"I will shrink from nothing that may be needful for his benefit. I should love to go on nursing him, were it only for my sister's sake. How sorry she would feel to be so far from him, could she but know of his sickness."

"Yes, I believe Lady Fareham would be sorry," answered the physician with a dry little laugh; "though there are not many married ladies about Rowley's Court of whom I would diagnose as much."

"The servant I send you will bring meat and all needful herbs for making a strong broth, with which you will feed the patient once an hour. There are many who hold with the boiling of gold in such a broth, but I will not enter upon the merits of aurum potabile as a fortificant. I take it that in this case you will find beef and mutton serve your turn. I shall send you from my own larder as much beef as will suffice for to-night's use, and to-morrow your servant must go to the place where the country people sell their goods, butcher's meat, poultry and garden-stuff; for the butchers' shops of London are nearly all closed, and people scent contagion in any intercourse with their fellow-citizens. You will have therefore to look to the country people for your supplies; but of all this my own man will give you information. So now, good night, sweet young lady. It is on the stroke of nine. Before eleven you shall have those who will help and protect you. Meanwhile you had best go downstairs with me, and lock and bolt the great door leading into the garden, which I found ajar."

"There is the door facing the river, too, by which I entered."

"Ay, that should be barred also. Keep a good heart, madam. Before eleven you shall have a sturdy watchman on the premises."

It was past eleven before the expected succor arrived, and in the interval Lord Fareham had awakened once, and had swallowed a composing draught, having apparently but little consciousness of the hand that administered it. At twenty minutes past eleven Angela heard the bell ring, and ran lightly down the now familiar staircase to open the garden door, outside which she found a middle-aged woman and a tall sturdy young man, each carrying a bundle. These were the nurse and the watchman sent by Dr. Hodgkin. The woman gave Angela a slip of paper from the doctor, by way of introduction.

"You will find Bridget Basset a worthy woman, and able to turn her hand to anything; and Thomas Stokes is an honest servicable youth, whom you may trust upon the premises, till some of his lordship's servants can be sent from Chilton Abbey, where I take it there is a large staff."

She made her arrangements promptly and decisively. Mrs. Basset was to stay all night with her in the patient's chamber, with such needful intervals of rest as each might take without leaving the sick-room; and Stokes was first to see to the fastening of the various basement doors, and to assure himself that there was no one hidden either in the cellars or on the ground floor; also to examine all upper chambers, and lock all doors; and was then to make himself a bed in a dressing-closet adjoining Lord Fareham's chamber, and was to lie there in his clothes, ready to help at any hour of the night, should help be wanted.

And so began Angela's first night-watch by the bedside of her brother-in-law, the man whom she had pictured to herself so vividly as she read of him in her sister's letters, the uncourtly soldier whose character seemed to stand out with a gloomy force from the frivolous intrigues and childish vanities of palace and drawing-room.

Those dark eyes had never looked upon her with the light of reason. Would they ever so look? Would he ever be more to her than a plague-stricken sufferer, or was this sick room only the ante-chamber to the grave?

## CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN LONDON AND OXFORD

Three nights and days had gone since Angela first set her foot upon the threshold of Fareham House, and in all that time she had not once gone out into the great city, where dismal silence reigned by day and night, save for the hideous cries of the men with the dead carts, calling to the inhabitants of the infected houses to bring out their dead, and roaring their awful summons with as automatic a monotony as if they had been hawking some

common necessary of life—a dismal cry that was but occasionally varied by the hollow tones of a Paritan fanatic stalking, gaunt and half clad, along the Strand, and shouting some sentence of fatal bodement from the Hebrew prophets; just as before the siege of Titus there walked through the streets of Jerusalem one who cried, "Woe to the wicked city!" and whose voice could not be stopped but by death.

In those three days and nights the foulest symptoms of the contagion were subjugated; and those horrible blains and sores which were the most loathsome features of this corruption were put in the way of healing. But the ravages of the disease had left the patient in a state of weakness which bordered on death; and his nurses were full of apprehension lest the shattered forces of his constitution should fall even in the hour of recovery. The violence of the fever was abated, and the delirium had become intermittent, while there were hours in which the sufferer was conscious and reasonable, and in those periods of reason he would fain have talked with Angela more than her anxiety would allow.

He was full of wonder at her presence in that house; and when he had been told who she was, he wanted to know how and why she had come there; by what happy accident, by what interposition of Providence, she had been sent to save him from a hideous death.

"I should have died but for you," he said; "I should have lain here in my corruption, fouler than dead men in a charnel-house, till the cart fetched my putrid carcase. I should be rotting in one of their plague-pits yonder, behind the old Abbey."

Angela put her fingers on her lip, and with the other hand drew the silken coverlet over the sick man's shoulder.

She had a strong desire to explore that city of which she had yet seen so little, and her patient being now arrived at a state of his disorder when it was best for him to be tempted to prolonged slumbers by silence and solitude, she put on her hood and gloves and went out alone to see the horrors of the deserted streets, of which nurse Basset had given her so appalling a picture.

It was four o'clock, and the afternoon was at its hottest; the blue of a cloudless sky was reflected in the blue of the silent river, where instead of the flotilla of gaily painted wherries, the procession of gilded barges, the music and song, the ceaseless traffic of court and city, there was only the faint ripple of the stream, or here and there a solitary barque creeping slowly down the tide with ineffectual sail flapping in the sultry atmosphere.

No words could paint the desolation which reigned between the Strand and Whitechapel in that fatal summer, now drawing towards its melancholy close. More than once in her brief pilgrimage Angela drew back, shuddering, from the embrasure of a door, or the inlet to some narrow alley, at sight of death lying on the threshold, stiff, stark, unheeded; more than once in her progress from the New Exchange to St. Paul's, she heard the shrill wail of women lamenting for a soul just departed. Death was about and around her. The great bell of the cathedral tolled with an inexorable stroke in the summer stillness, as it had tolled every day through those long months of heat and drought and ever-growing fear, and ever-thickening graves.

Eastward there rose the red glare of a great fire, and she feared that some of the old wooden houses in the narrower streets were blazing, but on enquiry of a solitary foot passenger, she learnt that this fire was one of many which had been burning for three days, at street corners and in open spaces, at a great expense of sea coal, with the hope of purifying the atmosphere and dispersing poisonous gases—but that so far no amelioration had followed upon this outlay and labor. She came presently to a junction of roads near the Fleet ditch, and saw the huge coal fire flaming with a sickly glare in the sunshine, tended by a lean and spectral figure, half-clad and hungry-looking, to whom she gave an alms; and at this juncture of ways a great peril awaited her, for there sprang as it were out of the very ground, so quickly did they assemble from neighboring courts and alleys, a throng of mendicants, who clustered around her, with filthy hands outstretched, and shrill voices imploring charity. So wasted were their half-naked limbs, so ghastly and livid their countenances, that they might have all been plague-patients, and Angela recoiled from them in horror.

"Keep your distance, for pity's sake, good friends, and I shall give you all the money I carry," she exclaimed, and there was something of command in her voice and aspect, as she stood before them, straight and tall, with pale, earnest face.

They fell off a little way and waited till she scattered the contents of her purse—small Flemish coin, upon the ground in front of her, where they scrambled for it, snarling and scuffling each other like dogs fighting for a bone.

Full of pity and of gravest, saddest thoughts, the lonely girl walked through the lonely town to that part of the city where the streets were narrowest, a labyrinth of lanes and alleys, with a church-tower or steeple rising up amidst the crowded dwellings at almost every point to which the eye looked. Angela wondered at the sight of so many fine churches in this heretical land. Many of these city churches were left open in this day of wrath, so that unhappy souls who had a mind to pray might go in at will, and kneel there, Angela peered in at an old church

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RUGBY FOOTBALL—an illustrated article.—E. S. Glasco.  
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In a narrow court, holding the door a little way ajar, and looking along the cold gray nave. All was gloom and silence, save for a monotonous and suppressed murmur of one invisible worshipper in a pew near the altar, who varied his supplicatory mutterings with long-drawn sighs.

She wandered through the maze of streets



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and lanes, sometimes coming back unaware to a street she had lately traversed, till at last she came to a church that was not silent, for through the open door she heard a voice within preaching or praying. She hesitated for a few minutes on the threshold, having been taught that it was a sin to enter a Protestant temple; and then something within her, some new sense of independence and revolt against old traditions, moved her to enter, and take her place quietly in one of the curious wooden boxes where the sparse congregation were seated, listening to a man in a Geneva gown, who was preaching in a tall oaken pulpit, surmounted by a massive sounding-board, and furnished with a crimson-velvet cushion, which the preacher used with great effect during his discourse, now folding his arms upon it and leaning forward to argue familiarly with his flock, now stretching a long lean arm above it to point a denouncing finger at the sinners below, anon belaboring it severely in the passion of his eloquence.

He preached of Christ—the Saviour with a fulness and a force which were new to Angela. He held up that commanding, that touching image unobscured by any other personality. All those surrounding figures which Angela had seen crowded around the godlike form, all those sufferings and virtues of the spotless mother of God were ignored in that impassioned oration. The preacher held up Christ crucified, Him only, as the fountain of pity and pardon. He reduced Christianity to its simplest elements, primitive as when the memory of the godman was yet fresh in the minds of those who had seen the divine countenance and listened to the divine voice; and Angela felt as she had never felt before the singleness and purity of the Christian's faith. It was the day of hour-long sermons, when a preacher who measured his discourse by the sands of an hour glass was deemed moderate. Among the Nonconformists there were those who turned the glass, and let the flood of eloquence flow on far into the second hour. The old man had been preaching a long time when Angela awoke as from a dream and remembered that sick chamber where duty called her. She left the church quietly and hurried westward, guided chiefly by the sun, till she found herself once more in the Strand; and very soon afterwards she was ringing the bell at the chief entrance of Fareham House. She returned far more depressed in spirits than she went out, for all the horror of the plague-stricken city was upon her; and, fresh from the spectacle of death, she felt less hopeful of Lord Fareham's recovery.

Thomas Stokes opened the great door to admit that modest figure, a door which looked as if it should open only to noble visitors, to a procession of courtiers and court beauties, in the fitful light of wind-blown torches. Thomas, when interrogated, was not cheerful in his account of the patient's health during Angela's absence. My lord had been strangely disordered; Mrs. Basset had found the fever increasing and was afeared the gentleman was relapsing.

Angela's heart sickened at the thought. The preacher had dwelt on the sudden alternations of the disease, how apparent recovery was sometimes the precursor of death. She hurried up the stairs, and through the seemingly endless suite of rooms which nobody wanted, which never might be inhabited again perhaps, except by bats and owls, to her lordship's chamber, and found him sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door by which she entered.

"At last!" he cried. "Why did you inflict such torturing apprehensions upon me? This woman has been telling me of the horrors of the streets where you have been; and I figured you stricken suddenly with this foul malady, creeping into some deserted alley to expire uncared for, dying with your head upon a stone, lying there to be carried off by the dead cart. You must not leave this house again, save for the coach that shall carry you to Oxfordshire to join Hyacinth and her children—and that coach shall start to-morrow. I am a madman to have let you stay so long in this infected house."

"You forget that I am plague-proof," she answered, throwing off hood and cloak, and going to his bedside, to the chair in which she had spent many hours watching by him and praying for him.

No, there was no relapse. He had only been restless and uneasy because of her absence. The disease was conquered, the pest-spots were healing fairly, and his nurses had only to contend against the weakness and depression which seemed but the natural sequence of the malady.

Dr. Hodgkin was satisfied with his patient's progress. He had written to Lady Fareham, advising her to send some of her servants with horses for his lordship's coach, and to provide for relays of post-horses between London and Oxfordshire, a matter of easier accomplishment than it would have been in the earlier summer, when all the quality were flying to the country, and post-horses were at a premium. Now there were but few people of rank or standing who had the courage to stay in town, like the Archbishop, who had not left Lambeth, or the stout old Duke of Albemarle, at the cockpit, who feared the pestilence no more than he feared sword or cannon.

Two of his lordship's lackeys, and his Oxfordshire major-domo, and clerk of the kitchen, arrived a week after Angela's landing, bringing loving letters from Hyacinth to her husband and sister. The physician had so written as not to scare the wife. She had been told that her husband had been ill, but was in a fair way to recovery, and would post to Oxfordshire as soon as he was strong enough for the journey, carrying his sister-in-law with him, and lying at the accustomed inn at High Wycombe, or perchance resting two nights and spending three days upon the road.

The pestilence had passed by, and they went out in the sunshine, in the freshness of a September morning, balmy, yet cool, with a scent of flowers from the gardens of Lambeth and Bankside blowing across the river.

The family coach was almost as big as a house, and afforded ample room for the convalescent to recline at his ease on one seat, while Angela and the steward, a confidential servant with the manners of a courtier, sat side by side upon the other.

They had the two spaniels with them, Pack

and Ganymede, silky-haired little beasts, black and tan, with bulging foreheads, crowded with intellect, pug noses so short as hardly to count for nose, goggle eyes that expressed shrewdness, greediness and affection. Pack snuggled cozily in the soft laces of his lordship's shirt; Ganymede sat and blinked at the sunshine from Angela's lap. Both snarled at Mr. Manningtree, the steward, and resented the slightest familiarity on his part.

The next evening they were within half a dozen miles of Oxford before the sun was low. They drove by a level road that skirted the river; and now, for the first time, Angela saw that river flowing placidly through a rural landscape, the rich green of marshy meadows in the foreground, and low wooded hills on the opposite bank, while midway across the stream an islet covered with reed and willow cast a shadow over the rosy water painted by the western sun.

"Are we near them now?" she asked eagerly, knowing that her brother-in-law's mansion lay within a few miles of Oxford. "We are very near," answered Fareham; "I can see the chimneys and the white stone pillars of the great gate."

He had his head out of the carriage, looking sunward, shading his eyes with his big doak-gauntlet as he looked. Those two days on the road, the fresh autumn air, the generous diet, the variety and movement of the journey, had made a new man of him. Lean and gaunt he must needs be for some time to come; but the dark face was no longer bloodless; the eyes had the fire of health.

"I see the gate—and there is more than that in view!" he cried excitedly. "Your sister is coming in a troop to meet us, with her children, and visitors, and servants. Stop the coach, Manningtree, and let us out."

The postboys pulled up their horses, and the steward opened the coach door and assisted his master to alight. Fareham's footsteps were somewhat uncertain as he walked slowly along the waste grass by the roadside, leaning a little upon Angela's shoulder.

Lady Fareham came running towards them in advance of children and friends, an airy figure in blue and white, her fair hair flying in the wind, her arms stretched out as if to greet them from afar. She clasped her sister to her breast even before she saluted her husband, clasped her and kissed her, laughing between the kisses.

"Welcome, my escaped nun," she cried. "I never thought they would let thee out of thy prison, or that thou wouldst muster courage to break thy bonds. Welcome, and a hundred times welcome. And that thou shouldst have saved my lord's life! Oh, the wonder of it! While I, within a hundred miles of him, knew not that he was ill, here didst thou come across seas to save him! Why, 'tis a modern fairy tale."

"And she is the good fairy," said Fareham, taking his wife's face between his two hands and bending down to kiss the white forehead under its cloud of pale golden curls, "and you must cherish her for all the rest of your life. But for her I should have died alone in that great gaudy house, and the rats would have eaten me, and then perhaps you would have cared no longer for the mansion, and would have had to build another further west, by my Lord Clarendon's, where all the fine folks are going, and that would have been a pity."

"Oh, Fareham, do not begin with thy irony-stop! I know all your organ tones, from the tenor of your kindness to the burden of your displeasure. Do you think I am not glad to have you here safe and sound? Do not think I have not been miserable about you since I knew of your sickness! Monsieur de Malfort will tell you whether I have been unhappy or not."

"Why, Malfort! What wind blew you hither at this perilous season, when Englishmen are going abroad for fear of the pestilence, and when your friend Sir Evermond has fled from the beauties of Oxford to the malarious sewers and fusty fraus of the Netherlands?"

"I had no fear of the contagion, and I wanted to see my friends. I am in lodgings in Oxford, where there is almost as much good company as there ever was at Whitehall."

The Comte de Malfort and Fareham clasped hands with a cordiality which bespoke old friendship; and it was only an instinctive recoil on the part of the Englishman which spared him his friend's kisses. They had lived in camps and in courts together, these two, and had much in common, and much that was antagonistic in temperament and habits. Malfort, lazy and luxurious, when there was no fighting on hand; a man whose one business, when not under canvas, was to surpass everybody else in the fashion and folly of the hour, to be quite the finest gentleman in whatever company he found himself.

The children hung upon their father, Papillon on one side, Cupid on the other, and it was in them rather than in her sister's friend that Angela was interested. The girl resembled her mother only in the grace and flexibility of her slender form, the quickness of her movements, and the vivacity of her speech. Her hair and eyes were dark, like her father's, and her coloring was that of a brunette, with something of a pale bronze under the delicate carmine of her cheeks. The boy favored his mother, and was worthy of the sobriquet Rochester had bestowed upon him. His blue eyes, chubby cheeks, cherry lips, and golden hair, were like the typical *ad libitum* of Rubens, and might be seen repeated *ad libitum* on the ceiling of the Banqueting House.

"I'll warrant this is all slummary," said Fareham, looking down at the girl as she hung upon him. "Thou art not glad to see me."

"I am so glad that I could eat you, as the giant would have eaten Jack," answered the girl, leaping up to kiss him, her hair flying back like a dark cloud, her active legs struggling for freedom in her long brocade petticoat.

"And you are not afraid of the contagion?" "Afraid! Why, I wanted mother to take me to you as soon as I heard you were ill."

"Well, I have been smoke-dried and pickled in strong waters, until Dr. Hodgkin accounts me safe, or I would not come nigh thee. See, sweetheart, this is your aunt, whom you are to love next best to your mother."

"But not so well as you, sir. You are first," said the child, and then turned to Angela and held up her rosebud mouth to be kissed. "You

saved my father's life," she said. "If you ever want anybody to die for you let it be me."

"Gud! what a delicate wit. The sweet child is positively quaint," exclaimed a young lady, who was strolling beside them, and whom Lady Fareham had not taken the trouble to introduce by name to any one, but who was now accounted for as a country neighbor, Mrs. Dorothy Lettsome.

Angela was watching her brother-in-law as they sauntered along, and she saw that the fatigue and agitation of this meeting were beginning to affect him. He was carrying his hat in one hand, while the other caressed Papillon. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his steps began to drag a little. Happily the coach had kept a few paces in their rear, and Manningtree was walking beside it; so Angela proposed that his lordship should resume his seat in the vehicle and drive on to his house, while she went on foot with her sister.

"I must go with his lordship," cried Papillon, and leapt into the coach before her father.

Hyacinth put her arm through Angela's and led her slowly along the grassy walk to the great gates, the Frenchman and Mrs. Lettsome following, and unversed as the convent-bred girl was to the ways of this particular world, she could nevertheless perceive that in the conversation between these two, M. de Malfort was amusing himself at the expense of his fair companion. His own English was by no means despicable, as he had spent more than a year at the Embassy immediately after the Restoration, to say nothing of his constant intercourse with the Farehams and other English exiles in France; but he was encouraging the young lady to talk to him in French, which was spoken with an affected drawl, that was even more ridiculous than its errors in grammar.

(To be Continued.)

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Puddin' on Airs.

### A Bunch of German Jokes.

Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

"In what do you find fault with the Baroness?"

"Frankly, her past."

"Her past! I can assure you her past is without a stain."

"I have no doubt of that, but it is quite too long to suit me."

Governess (in French lesson)—Olgas, translate "My cousin Arthur is devoted to me."

Pupil (quickly)—Ah, Fraulein, his name is Max.

Lady of the House—Yes, the circumstances of a man's family life have a great deal to do with his art.

Caller—Of course. I know an artist who only painted landscapes before he was married. Now he produces only battle-scenes.

Young Poet (to editor)—Well, what feeling did you experience in reading my work?

Editor—Two souls and one thought.

### Some Mirror Superstitions.

HEINRICH HEINE, who had a particularly nice and discriminating taste in ghosts, and who studied with such delicate pleasure the darkly woven fancies of German superstition and folk-lore, frankly admitted that to see his own face by moonlight in a mirror thrilled him with indefinable horror. Most of us who are blessed, or burdened, with imaginations, have shared at moments in this curious fear of that smooth, shining piece of glass, which at dusk, at night, by lamplight, or under the white, insinuating moonbeams, seems to hold within itself some power mysterious and malign.

This mistrust of the ghostly mirror is so old and so far-spread that we meet with it in the folk-lore of every land. An English tradition warns us that the new moon, which brings us such good fortune when we look at it in the calm evening sky, carries a message of evil to those who see it first reflected in a looking-glass. For such unlucky mortals, it is said that the lunar virus distils slow poison and corroding care. The child, who is suffered to see his or her own image in a mirror before he or she is a year old, is marked out, it is asserted, for trouble and many disappointments. And, again, it is declared that the friends who glance at their reflections standing side by

side are doomed to quick dissension. In Scandinavia, the Swedish girl who looks into her glass by candle-light is told that she risks the loss of her lover. One superstition in this connection, that seems to be almost universal, is that it is very unlucky for a bride to see herself in a mirror after her toilet is completed. If she be discreet, she will turn away from that fair picture, which pleases her so well, and then draw on her glove, or have some tiny ribbon, flower, or jewel fastened to her gown, that the sour fates may be appeased and evil turned away from her threshold.

### The Ottawa Crisis

Is now a thing of history, the bolters having returned. Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Mackenzie Bowell have smoked the pipe of peace, which is said to have been filled with Westminster fine cut tobacco from G. W. Muller's Cigar and Tobacco Palace, 9 King street west.

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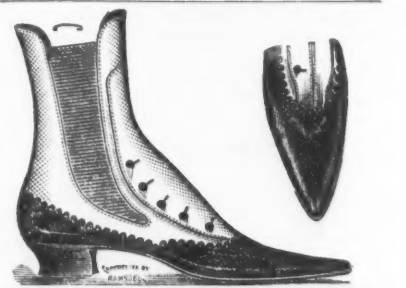
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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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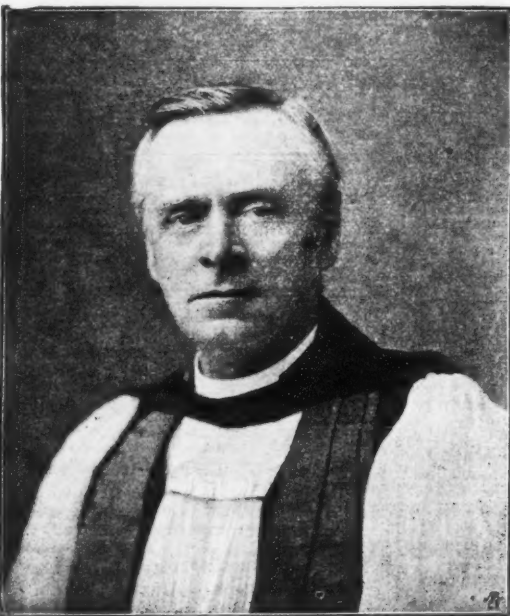
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## Points About People.

**A** FRENCH writer in speaking of the late M. Floquet recalls the occasion when he pleaded before the High Court of Tours as counsel for the Noir family against Prince Pierre Bonaparte. He boldly attacked the Empire, and this required courage. M. Laurier was the other counsel on the same side, and one involuntarily thinks of our own Laurier as his French namesake is described: "M. Laurier had consummate talent in expressing between lines what he hardly dared say openly. He teased Pierre Bonaparte just as a banderillero teases a bull at a bull fight. The princely prisoner several times tried to jump out of the dock to throttle him. Floquet and Laurier set off one another. The honesty and courage of the former made one thrill; the perfidy and cleverness of the latter were deliciously amusing." The moral of the thing lies in the fact that it was the man who showed open courage in that eventful trial who afterward became a national figure; "consummate talent" in innuendo and "perfidy and cleverness" of speech are cheaper attributes or accomplishments than courage.

The Right Reverend Frederic Courtney, fifth bishop of Nova Scotia, was born in Devonshire, England, about sixty years ago. Ordained at an early age to the priesthood of the Church of England, he served as curate at Hadlow, Kent, and Plymouth, Devonshire, and from 1870 to '76 as Incumbent of a Glasgow church. Coming to the States in the last named year he served in the cities of New York, Chicago and Boston, at which latter place he did a splendid work as rector of St. Paul's. In 1888 he was elected to the historic see of Nova Scotia, the first



Right Reverend Frederic Courtney.

colonial bishopric established in the British Empire, whose first occupant, Dr. Charles Inglis, was appointed by government in 1787. The diocese of Nova Scotia includes the Province of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island and Prince Edward Island, and has an area of about thirty thousand square miles and a population (approximately) of a little over six hundred thousand. Halifax is the See city, where the bishop resides. Bishop Courtney is a man of fine presence and commanding eloquence. Without drawing any invidious comparisons he may fairly be called in his own particular style the foremost pulpit orator in the Church of England in Canada to-day. With his almost faultless enunciation and delivery, his simple yet massive and forceful style of oratory and the minor adjuncts of pronunciation, tone and personal appearance, Mr. Courtney has few rivals and certainly no superiors among the couple of hundred Anglican prelates scattered throughout the English-speaking world. He is a man of great liberality, and may perhaps be described as an evangelical broad churchman. But he is very tolerant of all shades of opinion among his clergy, and never interfering with any good man who is honestly doing his duty according to his light. Although no longer young he is full of physical energy, and he does not look his age by many years. In every respect he stands in the very front rank of Canadian ecclesiastics.

Among the notable benefactions of John T. Spaulding, who died in Boston last week, was the education of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl. Some years ago he gave thirty thousand dollars to seven young men employed at the United States Hotel. The story of this was published all over the world and brought him begging letters from even the Russian steppe. On holidays he was in the habit of filling his trousers pockets with five-dollar gold pieces and then going around distributing them among the porters who had done him little kindnesses. He wired a ruined merchant before the flames of the big Chicago fire were extinguished: "Draw on us for one hundred

thousand dollars." The then ruined man is to-day one of the wealthiest men in Chicago.

The new Mayor of Montreal had paid him the very singular compliment of election by acclamation. Mr. R. Wilson-Smith is a financier, a man of large fortune and undoubted ability. Toronto people heard much of him in connection with the recent sale of city bonds, and again when he was elected to the vice-presidency of the Toronto Street Railway Company on the retirement of Mr. Everett last month. The accompanying portrait is a good one, and shows Mr. Wilson-Smith to be a man with a fine head and abundant vitality. It is expected that he will do for Montreal what it was proposed that Mr. E. B. Osler would do for Toronto when that gentleman was persuaded to stand for Mayor of this city a few years ago—master the ins and outs of its complicated finances. Montreal needs the services of Mr. Wilson-Smith even more than



Mr. R. Wilson-Smith.

Toronto needed the services of Mr. Osler, although in all conscience this city stood, and yet stands, sufficiently in need of a Mayor possessing unusual financial capacity. But Montreal is in a yet worse muddle municipally.

The young Czarowitz, now dying of consumption, has arrived at the Riviera, where he will shortly be joined by his mother, the Dowager Empress of Russia. Thirty years ago she went to the same place to hear the last words of her fiancé, the Czarowitz Nicolas, as he lay dying of the same disease. Eventually she married her fiancé's brother, the late Czar Alexander, and they grew in time to be very much attached to each other, though the first years of their state marriage were very bitter to both of them. A few weeks ago in an article about Grand Duke Paul's violent temper, we recalled the fact that the death of the Czarowitz Nicolas was superinduced by a violent bump on the chest administered by the great head of the late Czar, who was a younger brother. This happened in play, of course, and it is interesting to know that gossip in the Riviera lays the blame of the decline of the present Czarowitz into consumption to a similar bit of horse play a few years ago. The Romanoffs are large men of tremendous strength and violent temper, and it seems that any one of them unable to stand the blow of a battering ram upon the chest are not granted that "survival" which is the privilege of the "fittest."

## Please Don't!

**P**LEASE don't try to alter the English language. Only time and evolution can do that, and idioms are pretty little things, but you can't change them; many made them—some years about it—and they are so hard, and polished up by constant use, that two or three can't alter them. "To LET" is crystallized—was long before you were born. Don't put up placards "TO BE LET." It's not to be—or it would be—and it won't be, but "TO LET" will stand long after your office is to let and mine too. You "take the train," "take the boat," "take the street car or cab," and you always will in your time, because, with all your taking, these little idioms are stronger than you.

## The Judge's Good Idea

St. James' Budget.

A well known judge has invented rather a neat reply to the letters of busybodies soliciting subscriptions for useless societies. He fills the first page of the note-paper with these words, written in a bold hand: "Dear Sir—In reply to your letter, I have much pleasure in subscribing —" (here the secretary joyfully turns the page to find the conclusion of the sentence on the following leaf) "myself, Your obedient servant, John So-and-So."

## John Chinaman on Dancing

Tablettes des Deux Charentes

Dancing is looked upon as hard work in China. One day, on a festive occasion, Commodore Anson gave a ball on board his vessel, when a mandarin of Canton who was present ventured politely to remark: "It is very funny to look at; but I fail to see why you go to the trouble of jumping about yourselves; far better make your servants do it for you."

## The Ship of the Desert.

La Famille.

We are told that there is only one quadruped in the world that cannot swim, viz., the camel. When it falls into the water it turns over feet upwards and is drowned.

## Confidential Letters to Young Men.

No 2—The Masses and the Classes.



**D**EAR YOUNG MEN.—It pleased me to find that my opening letter attracted your attention. Of course there is truth in your remark that what young men want nowadays is not good advice but backing for their notes, yet a thorough pupil of mine will find no difficulty in floating his notes. "Good advice," so called, is a recipe for failure in this world, given usually by one who has proven the efficacy of the formula. Give it freely to others, but take none yourself. I am instructing you in the truths known of all men yet never prated of—am laying bare the nerves of action, the impulse that guides successful men—imparting to you the knowledge hoarded in the souls of all rich men, so that in youth you may know what life would surely teach you in course of years. "Be great and let who will be good." Remember that a very little goodness in a great man is of more service to the world than a lot of goodness in an obscure man. If you should fail in your efforts to be great it will be very easy to fall back upon goodness as your specialty, and so, viewed from any point, it is better to seek greatness.

In these winter days men are clamoring for work or bread in all the large cities. In these winter evenings, under brilliant lights, to the richest of music, in an atmosphere of luxury, men and women are dancing and promenading in all the large cities. A young man occupies central ground and may join either party, may figure in either picture.

See the man who has devoted his life to the forwarding of reforms which will uplift the masses. Observe his shabby garb, his restless eye; enquire and learn of the precarious nature of his livelihood. Note that he never gets into Parliament or office of any kind—see, he starts a newspaper that the masses will not support; that he publishes books that the masses will not buy; that he delivers lectures that the masses will not attend. See Labor nominate its candidates for Parliament and see the candidates beaten time after time.

See the other man standing radiant in the open window thanking the cheering mob for electing him to Parliament. Who is he? How did he win the favor of the masses that they cheer so? He began as a youth to take care of himself; built up his business and made money; he cultivated useful friends, kept clear of fads and offences, until, rich enough for relaxation, he told some of his friends that he was ready for Parliament. These mentioned him in the lobby of a convention in tones of delight; the word went around; he got the nomination; he was elected triumphantly, for the masses fought and bled each other's noses in their eagerness to vote for the prominent gentleman who had been "induced" to run. It is your duty, then, to despise the masses, for they are despicable. The less concern you show in them and the less they know of you, the surer you are of their support when you need their votes.

The armed force by which the classes once governed is no longer available, but as the barons used to enlist yeomen into service to harry and oppress other yeomen, so it is to-day. Get rich. You can then control everything with the brute force of the ballot. You won't have to buy the votes. That is only a legend. The poor will by preference vote for a rich man, for there is in them an instinct of servitude.

So order your conduct, then, that you may benefit from the labor of the poor, the money of the rich and the favor of the influential.

Free trade is charming in the eyes of poets and farmers. Beware of it. Study political economy so that you will know Protection to be unsound; get your self interests protected in the tariff so that you will know it is sound in specific cases. The main thing in politics is not principle, but interest. If you are a protectionist on principle, the Government may expect you to forego your self-interests.

Single Tax is advocated by those who failed in the scramble for land and those who are faint-hearted. These people won't go west as our fathers did; they envy the pioneer his reward. Keep clear of these idle and pestiferous agitators. Henry George is their leader. What asked Henry? In a nutshell, he came on the scene too late. Had he arrived in New York when John Jacob Astor did he would have bought up all the corner lots as the Astor did. He moped and mooned over the corner-lot matter until in chagrin he hatched the Single Tax. He would trade it for the Astor lots to-morrow if he could. Anyhow, the Astors won't trade.

But should you have faith in Henry George as a teacher, mark this well and balance it against his precepts, that he is one of those who has been beaten at the polls in a contest for office—the masses preferring to vote for a rich gentleman. If, instead of wasting his rare brain tissue in championing the cause of the poor, Mr. George had organized a combine and grown rich, he could have been Mayor of New York. Don't accept as a teacher a man who has failed in his own ventures. Take my advice, be prosperous and the rabble will trot at your heels.

Trust your fortunes on the side of interests rather than principles. Never interfere with a man who enjoys special advantages at the expense of the general public, unless by so doing you can usurp the advantages of which you deprive him. If you stir up the public to a realization of one case of plunder, your own enterprises may be inspected. A few years ago you used to jump upon farmers'

sleighs to steal a ride, and you will remember that there always were boys standing on the sidewalks who, either unable or disinclined to climb on the sleigh themselves, were always ready to cry out "Whip behind." Did you ever notice that while the farmer promptly acted upon the suggestion, he never paused to thank the mouthy youths who called his attention to the nice free ride you were having? More than that, the farmer soon became very alert and could tell by instinct when a boy jumped on behind, and many a time the fresh youths who cried "Whip behind" on other boys, got plenty of whip when they tried for a little ride of their own. It is so in life—it is especially so in politics. If you are too much of a purist you must keep out of politics. But don't keep out of politics.

I believe no man has a cleaner conscience than the average politician. The worst things he has ever done are so honest compared with the things he has had half a notion of doing, that he cannot think upon the subject without admiring his own rectitude. But in my next I shall talk of the politician, when discussing the various occupations open to a young man and how to succeed in them—law, medicine, banking, preaching, etc.

Confidentially yours,  
JARVIS DOWD.

## But She Didn't.

I pleaded long for the whispered "Yes,"  
Which she long withheld; but oh,  
I sigh to think how her name I'd bless  
If she'd only stuck to "No!"

He—I think there are microbes in kisses.  
She—Have you tried one of mine?

Miss Elderly—She said she heard I was engaged. Lena—How nice of her!—Truth.

King Premph of Ahanthee has 3333 wives, a plug hat and an umbrella. A man who is as big a hog as that ought to live in Toronto.  
—Hamilton Herald.

Great Britain has somewhat tardily adopted a Monroe doctrine of its own, which is that no foreign nation shall henceforth be permitted to twist its tail.  
—London Truth.

"If I had known," sobbed Mrs. Young Fite, "that you would be such a brute to poor Fido, I would never have married you." "My dear," replied Mr. Fite, "the anticipation of kicking that miserable little beast was one of my chief reasons for proposing to you."

One day, while mending the roof of his house, a Japanese lost his balance, and, falling to the ground, broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a Hakim (doctor). "Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?" was the first question the patient asked the doctor. "Thank Heaven, no," replied the Hakim. "Then go away at once, please," cried Chodja. "I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is!"

The new Australian Governors are finding some amusement in the comic papers. Lord Hampden's daughters are portrayed in no flattering way in the Sydney papers, their bicycling habits having drawn particular attention to them. In Melbourne, Lord Brassey is dubbed His "Deckcellency," while an Adelaide humorist has gone to the length of dubbing the new ruler of South Australia (Sir Thomas Huxton) "His XXXcellency."

Arthur Roberts tells in his Adventures how he and a friend once bought up a job-lot of window tickets chiefly relating to the boot-selling business. As the result, the eatables at a railway station refreshment room were found labeled in an unwelcome manner. The sausage rolls were avowed to be "Hand-sown, 10s. each;" a pork pie was "Warranted not to crack," while a Cambridge sausage boasted "Kid uppers and gentlemanly sole!"

## Notice.

To whom  
it may concern

This being Leap-Year, I decree  
That girls must settle it with me  
Who don't, with due solemnity—  
Propose!  
E'en tho' the man be sore dismay'd  
Sail in, be not one whit afraid.  
Nor rest until I am obey'd—  
Propose!  
Givin' this day of Valentines—  
Beware sweet maids who read  
these lines,  
For if ye would avoid Love's fines—  
Propose!

Signed  
Dan Cupid.  
Pr  
Hobart.

## Woman's Rights.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, what an earth's come over man  
The last decade or so?  
He once was happy; now he's not,  
'Tis so where'er you go;  
And something has occurred of late  
To mar his happiness;  
It is because the other sex  
Have stole away his dream.

They first began to part their hair  
Straight up above one eye,  
And then a Christy hat put on,  
A stilet shirt-front and tie,  
But if they had stopped at this  
And made no further clutch,  
We certainly should let it pass,  
Nor protest overmuch.

The bloomers, too, they also wear  
When bicycling they go.  
We thought that nothing more was left  
On men from top to toe,  
But had been taken from his list  
By her who once wore frocks;  
And now we see she has returned  
And carried off his socks.

MARSH FRUDDAOR.

## The Trooper.

For Saturday Night.

A good sword, a stout sword,  
A straight blade and true,  
That brings the coward to reason  
And makes the traitor rue;  
A hand to strike for England  
And thrust with gleaming steel,  
A heart that beats to serve our Queen  
Through either war or weal.

A firm seat, a quick eye,  
A lip's laughing jest  
Cast as you above the mare's  
Bonny, curving crest.  
There I you see him parry,  
Watch the thrust and play;  
Cheer again the sturdy sword,  
The hand that wins the way.

A strong hand, a brown hand,  
A frank hand and brave,  
Ready with the sturdy grasp  
Falling friend to save.  
Cheer the gallant rider,  
Cheer the bonny mare,  
Eager both for any risk  
If the field be fair.

M. H. CO. PAR.

## Her Faded Flower.

For Saturday Night.

No red rose or yellow rose,  
Or pinky rose or white,  
Yet sweet as any flower that grows,  
And once as fragrant, I suppose—  
This withered flower to-night.

None purer or more tender,  
Or fitter more to wear,  
Than was this from vine so slender,  
Interlaced in fronded splendor,  
By spray of maiden-hair.

No blue flower or violet flower,  
Or other flower than white,  
Could serve the purpose of the hour,  
So well as this from woodland bower,  
A month ago to-night.

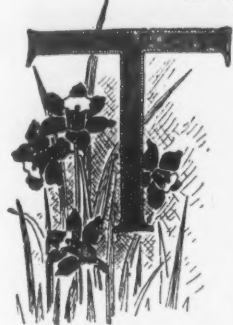
Naught so fragile now or frail,  
Or sure to decay,  
Yet still a memory you regale,  
And but for that you'd wholly fail,  
To please another day.

A. W. H.



## The Closed Door.

DAWN.



THE door of No. 94 was wide open—someone was moving in. It was whispered about among the neighbors that a young couple were going to "set up housekeeping" in the plain, unpretentious house that had awaited a tenant for some time. "No. 94" was a red brick, two-story edifice, with washed-out green shutters and a high stoop, with three rather steep steps quite destitute of ornamentation. Two wagon-loads of inexpensive furniture were unloaded and carried into the house, their delivery being carefully superintended by the new tenant. Next day, amid the sunshine and glory of June, "She" came, smiling, happy, the face reflecting the beauty of the summer day, and "He" radiant with the same happiness. They went in, the door closed after them. It was the dawn of a new life. They were very busy in their new nest, these two. "She" tackled up the blinds and arranged white dimity curtains with praiseworthy industry. "He" helped her all his evenings to tack down the carpets, as the neighbors well knew, noting the sound of a busy hammer. They were very happy; they loved each other dearly, in the good old-fashioned way, for it is many years since this couple "set up housekeeping" in that modest red brick house in the quiet street—their little world, when, "for better and for worse," they entered fearlessly into the dawn.

MORNING.

By and by a baby face smiled at the window, and the dimity curtains were pushed far back to let him see the street, as he cooed and laughed at the passers-by, and the neighbors smiled at the baby as the happy little mother danced him up and down; then he learned to toddle down the street all alone to meet his father. What a proud day that was for both of them.

NOON.

Children ran hastily out of "No. 94" when the school-bell rang, they skipped and spun tops on the sidewalk after school hours and played games in the little back-yard. Four, five, six, at last there were seven of them, and "She" was always busy. "He" lost his elastic step, looked worried, and worked late at nights. Seven mouths to feed, seven little feet to shoe, seven little bodies to clothe; but "He" worked and "She" planned and sewed, always cheerful, always looking on the bright side of things. Then one day there was a crape on the door, and neighbors knew that the baby was dead and that there were only six to care for. But they missed "No. 7" just as much as if he had been the only one. Strange to say, he never really seemed to leave them. Stranger still, he was always to them the dearest one of all.

AFTERNOON.

The children were grown up. "She" sat by the window frequently and often went out. The house was painted; a smart veranda took the place of the little plain stoop; even an addition was built to the house. In the evenings the gas burned brightly in the front parlor, the bell rang frequently, and strange steps were heard in the hall. Men said that "He" was a successful man, as men go, and wondered which of the daughters would be married first. Then one by one three pretty brides left the old home, then a boy took to the sea, then another left to seek his fortunes in a far-away city, then the last boy joined him. The six birds had all left the nest. "She" and "He" were left alone.

EVENING.

They were not so lonely as might have been expected. As I said, they loved each other in the good old-fashioned way. They made a little garden in the yard, that had been given up for so many years to playful, restless children's feet. "She" watched for the postman every day eagerly, and they read the letters that he brought together, with many a comment on the changed times, the new ideas of the new generation. "He" read aloud to her while she knitted. They visited the little grave in the churchyard quite often. "She" said the baby seemed nearer to them now, and "He" agreed with her. Hand in hand they were going downhill—a pleasant, grass-covered, daisy-decked hill, devoid (thanks to "His" early industry and "Her" thrift) of the sharp stones of straitened means. Then "She" left "Him" and slept the last long sleep by the baby that died so long ago.

NIGHT.

It was not a long night. God is very merciful and "He" waited very patiently. A day came, none too soon for "Him," when he lay and watched his last sunset, and just at the gray dawn he thought "He" heard "Her" voice beside "Him."

Then a funeral procession went its way to where "She" and the Baby waited. It was not a long procession. Many of his old friends and neighbors had gone before him. He was a good old man, and had been a clever hard-working fellow in his day, the few said who attended the funeral. Desolate and lonely the old house stood as the little funeral wound its way slowly up the street. It turned the corner—someone came and shut the door.

FIDEL H. HOLLAND.

## Sunday in New York.

Washington Post.

Sunday is so well observed in New York that about the only thing one can get in that town on that day is a bluff over the head with a sand-bag.

## Ideas are Unpopular.

Indianapolis Journal.

First Boss—I don't believe it will do to run Billiger for the legislature. These one-idea men aren't much good.

Second Boss—Guess you are right. Man with an idea is sure to have enemies.

## Mother of Nations.

"Britannia needs no bulwark  
No towers along the coast."

WITH trident, shield and helmeted head,  
The lion at her feet,  
Britannia seated, rules the waves  
Where sounding billows beat.

She, girl with ocean—round the world  
Marks how her sons increase,  
Bear in the van her flag unfurled,  
And spread the arts of peace.

A thousand years, her sacred fane  
Have pointed to the sky  
And 'neath the stones, God rest their bones,  
Long generations lie.

And many a son, his duty done,  
Struck down in foreign clime,  
Hears through the smoke and sabre stroke,  
The far off village chime.

The shackle falls from off the slave,  
Enough for him to know,  
Above his head her banners wave,  
To hear her bugles blow.

Undaunted she has stood alone;  
Her direct foe was he  
Who cowed a continent—to own  
Her mistress of the sea.

Mother of mighty nations she,  
And nations yet to be;  
When rolling years, through hopes and fears,  
Fulfill her destiny.

Dare then a Kaiser, King, or Khan,  
Lay hand on her domain?  
Regnant, erect, superb, she stands,  
And curbs her lion's strain.

Along the shore a rumbling roar  
From out the mighty throat,  
It rolls from Antrim down to Cork,  
The Lizard to O Groat.

Ho, Englishmen! Ho, Irishmen!  
Ho, Scots! Hark! high and shrill,  
The phillibegs come swinging down  
From every Scottish hill,

And rank by rank her hardy sons  
Round her—a triple mail  
Are up, and standing to their guns,  
The Saxon and the Gael.

Hurrah! she hears the distant cheers  
Throughout her empire wide;  
Hurrah! They come! Her volunteers,  
And let what will betide.

Each British heart indignant grows,  
Each arm, an arm of steel,  
Come! Have it Kaiser if you will—  
Begin your Krieger spiel.

Britannia! Rule Britannia! Hail!  
The standard is unfurled—  
Flag to the peak and drive the nail,  
Roll drum-beat 'round the world.

And dark and sullen on the deep  
Her fleets in silence lie,  
To wake in lurid lightning, flash  
With thunder in reply.

Then o'er the sea there rolls a cheer,  
The cheer of British crew,  
The hoarse deep note, wherever float  
Her Englishmen in blue.

Old ocean heaves with solemn roar,  
And Neptune hails them back,  
MY TRIDENT, THREE I GAVE, AND SWORE  
WE'LL KEEP THE UNION JACK.

Yet when she parleys, 'tis regret  
Within her great heart stirs,  
'Tis sadness at a heartless threat,  
From one whose blood is hers.

Whose sons are sprung from sires she bore,  
Who, nurtured at her breast,  
Now slumber under mossy stones,  
In consecrated rest.

Though nondescripts fierce blasts may blow—  
Fan, faronnade in ink—  
And write of what they do not know,  
And only think they think,

What matter! Root from English stock  
Has grown a mighty tree, [Rock—  
Whose branches—spread from Plymouth  
Go back across the sea.

And branch and root, and flower and fruit,  
Shall banyan-like expand  
And shelter give to all that live  
In many another land.

Hail! Thou Columbia, grown apace  
Ere taunt from thee be flung,  
Forget the lineage of thy race,  
Forget thy mother tongue.

Winthrop and Hampden, Pym and Penn,  
Or English names a host;  
In memory dear the pioneer  
Repeated on your coast.

You share her worth, would rue her ruth,  
Your virtue and her own  
Would be impregnable as truth  
Where English tongue is known.

'Tis not where British flag is high,  
Or Stars and Stripes are flown,  
Defenceless men and women die,  
And pity is unknown.

Where shrieks the mother, mad with fear,  
Torn from her little child,  
The father, weltering in his blood,  
The hopeless maid defiled.

For deeds like these did Whittier sing?  
For this is Justice blind?  
And voiceless we, at what should bring  
A blush, to all mankind.

Pledge! Mother Land, beyond the sea,  
Pledge! Daughter, in the West,  
Together, pledge thy faith in fee,  
To rescue the oppressed.

It may be time is coming, when  
At bay—and side by side,  
You'll see the world o'erun again,  
Yet stem the Eastern tide.

"Seek peace—ensue it," be among  
All nations in the van,

It may be, then the Mother tongue  
Will be the tongue of Man.

Envy ne'er exalts a nation,  
Phantom eyes across the brine  
Look in mute expostulation,  
Hands are touching yours and mine.

Voices, long forgotten, calling  
Unto you, come faint and far,  
Like the benediction falling,  
When the shepherds saw the star.

Spirits whisper that humanum  
Est errare but divine  
Is the peace—the peace of brothers  
Even now—as Auld Lang Syne.

Toronto, Feb. 4.

QUIVIS.

## Why Dore's Art is Popular.

Chicago Post.

O well informed critic claims a high rank for Dore as a painter, yet crowds rush to view his paintings. Why are they popular? Why is melodrama popular? Why do Rider Haggard's and E. P. Roe's tales count more readers than Geo. Meredith's novels? Why are Moody and Sankey's hymns more generally sung than Beethoven's Twelfth Mass? In the first place, because they are understood of the people. In the second place, because they have real merit. Let no one deny picturesqueness to melodrama, or interest to She, or wholesome humanity to the popular song or story.

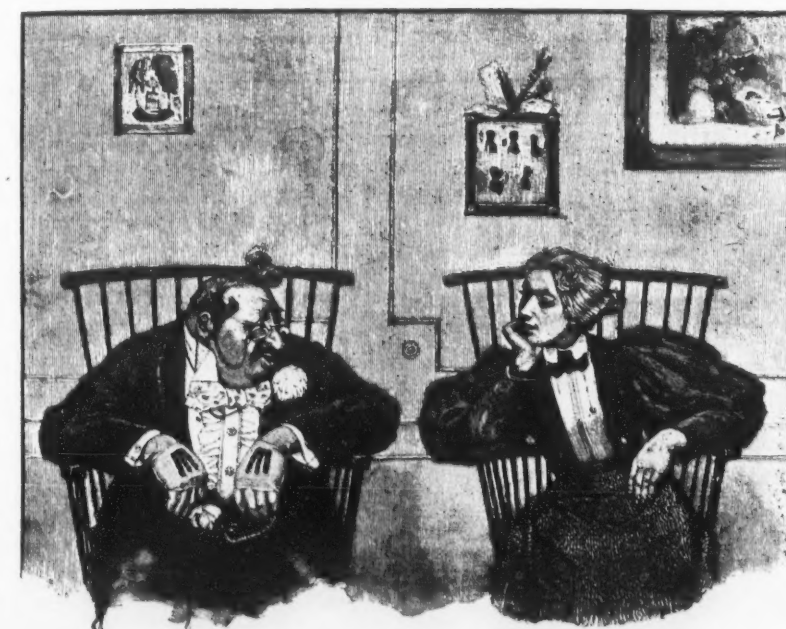
Dore's works have similar qualities. They deal, moreover, with subjects at once the loftiest and the most familiar. Neither Jew, Turk, heretic nor infidel denies the pathos and the sublimity of the gospel story. And it must be said at once that Dore's religious paintings are those which attract attention. His big gambling scene and his various attempts at classic or historic subjects if shown separately would not draw fifty people. But when he bids us "Behold the Man" in the lonely dignity of suffering, mocked by a howling mob; when he sets before us the dark arena, beasts and their victims below, heaven's stars and its angels above; when he pictures what might have been Claudia Procula's vision of Him her husband was to sentence—then he has enlisted with him the whole force of the spectators' imagination.

Figures the size of life necessarily produce a stronger impression of reality than those on a smaller scale. Multiply such on a canvas, represent them all as intent upon one subject and they arouse curiosity as infallibly as a real crowd on the street arouses it. Then give them for the center of interest the fact or the person more widely discussed than any other in human history, and curiosity rises to excitement. Dore has done this. He has done it with a tremendous religious fervor; he has spent thereon all his mighty if untrained imagination; he has made use of every point of dramatic contrast and then he has flooded his scenes with unreal light, or shrouded them in theatrical shadow. Not to be impressed would argue stocks and stones and worse than senseless things.

The attendance on the Dore collection in this city is said to have surpassed that of any known art exhibition ever held anywhere. This is at once flattering and unflattering to the intelligence of our people. It shows that our standard of taste is not so elevated as it might be. It also proves a widespread interest in things of the imagination. Seven thousand of us went in one day to see the Dore collection—as against three thousand in New York or London. Granted that a collection of let us say the English masters or of the French impressionists appeals to a finer aesthetic taste. Has such an exhibition drawn seven thousand anywhere? No. Whistler—was it not remarked of some one that he had "a great deal of taste—all bad." That is better than having no taste. Perhaps Chicago is much in the same condition. And a very hopeful condition it is; because if the feeling exists it may be rightly developed. As J. C. Van Dyke has said, "Americans, like other people, must learn good art by first admiring bad art." Nor can Dore's work be summarily dismissed as bad art.

After passing three years in Paris, a French student wrote to his father as follows: "I have made up my mind to set to work, dear father; therefore I should like to know whether it was law or medicine that I came to Paris to study."

## Not An Agreeable Concession.



Old Dude—Believe me, few people on earth get what they deserve.  
Lady Friend—You ought to be glad of that.

## In the Old Room.

PRETTY *quart-de-mondaine*, who lives very near the Champs Elysees, coming home the other day, according to the latest story from Paris, saw before the door of her house a very elegant little chocolate-colored coupe. She proceeded to the drawing-room, where, at her entrance, a melodious voice greeted her, while the lady advanced a few steps, saying, "Oh, Mademoiselle, please excuse me, but I could not resist coming to see the dear old place, which I certainly never hoped to find so much the same as when I left it some thirty years ago." And, smiling, she pointed to the hangings at the windows and the coverings of the chairs, which showed here and there remnants of the most brilliant cherry-colored velvet.

"Rather shabby, is it not, Madame?" suggested the little cocotte. "Old Mother D— does not often renew her furniture; but, Madame, who are you? I do not know why, but your face seems somewhat familiar to me."

"Madame Patti Nicolini," said the charming lady, with a deep curtsy. "Patti!" cried the little cocotte, "and please what good luck has brought you here?" "It was here," answered Patti, with her inimitable smile, "that I lived more than thirty years ago, with my sisters and my father, when I first sang at the Italiens, in Paris. In this very room, which then was a brilliant and sumptuous one, though most vulgar, I received my first admirers. It was too small for the bouquets and garlands which were sent every night to me. On this panel hung my portrait in white taffetas, painted from memory by a young, timid and unknown artist, who now is the celebrated Gerome. Against this wall, instead of that ugly cottage piano, was my grand, covered with the scores of Wagner's operas."

Then the diva sighed. "I was the first to love him," she said, "but not till very lately did I ever sing any of his works. May I see the other rooms, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh, certainly," answered the delighted little cocotte, "but those, I hope, have not remained untouched."

"There is my balcony," cried Patti, jumping like a girl on to the window recess, "l'Etoile, l'Avenue! Here I have often watched and waited for the Empress Eugenie's carriage, and more than once she would, in spite of all etiquette, turn her lovely head and kiss to me her fan or her handkerchief. This was my bed-room, you see, the best one, for I was the favorite, and the goose that laid the golden eggs, though I was very young."

"Now," she said at last, "I must go. Thank you so much, mademoiselle; if you care to come on Saturday to la Gaité and see me play, here is my card, and you will have a good seat."

The little cocotte's face fell. "But they say you are going to dance, and to me, Madame, it is a great pity, for it is your voice which I should like to hear," and, without any more introduction, she opened the piano and begged for a little song.

"And," Madame Patti said laughingly afterward to the friend to whom she told this little story, "the first chord I played on that old saucy piano was most painful to me than if one of my teeth had been wrenched out of my head, but I went on just the same, and the joy of that little cocotte was so sweet to behold that I gave her a grand private concert, just as if she had been a Princess."

## A Momentary Discord.

Peterson's Magazine.

HE began it recklessly, defiantly—that weird Grieg melody—but all the while her eyes were dimmed with mists of tears. As he looked up from the evening paper he saw the dejected droop of her shoulders, and he felt the subtle influence of her unhappiness. It pained him through and through, the idea of her being miserable; his teeth closed tightly on the mouthpiece of his meerschaum as he exhaled fiercely through it, making the hot ashes shower his knees and scorch little spots on the paper. As he rose to brush himself after laying pipe and paper on the table, the music was suddenly broken off with a tortuously false chord—then a faint sob broke the stillness.

"Why, dearest!" he exclaimed, going to her. "You are crying, my little ray of sunshine! What is it? What have I done? Don't cry! It hurts me."

"Oh, Jack! I'm so disappointed in you," she sobbed. "I always thought you loved classical music, and now I know you don't!" She freed herself from his arms and flung herself on the divan, burying her face in the pillows. He stared stupidly and followed her helplessly, murmuring, "Of course I do! Of course I do! Why, I'd rather hear you play than listen to choirs of heaven."

"No! No! You don't love it for itself," she replied, in a smothered, hysterical voice; "you only like it because I play it. That's not loving music, it's only loving me."

"You are music, dear, the sweetest in the world," he said, kneeling by her side. "Though I must admit that you are not quite classical yet. You're much too young and charming."

He was drying her face with his big handkerchief, one of a dozen she had marked with little P's, which she said looked more like pretzels than capital letters. "Now you're all right, aren't you?" he said, pocketing the handkerchief. "Tell me why you cried."

"You'll laugh."

"Never! On my word!" "Well, every time I played for you since we were married, I've watched you reflected in the piano—you know it's as shiny as a mirror—and you always seemed awfully bored. All along I had my doubts about your wildly protested love of classical music—"

"I adore it," he said fervently.

"You don't!"

"I mean I adore the hands which play it."

This under his breath. "To-night I played Chaminade; you picked up the paper. I tried Beethoven; you lighted your pipe, and I couldn't see you for smoke. I tried Chopin next; and you read so hard that you forgot to smoke; your pipe went out. Then it flashed across me to try—mind you, I detest it—My Pearl's a Bowery Girl. The effect was magical! wonderful! The paper fell, your feet began to twitch, and such an idiotic smile obscured your features! I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so I made an onslaught on poor Grieg until I could decide what to do. It sounds awfully foolish, doesn't it?"

Then they both laughed long and heartily—just the way such marital disillusion should end. Here covered his voice first and said:

"I honestly think that classical music and a confounded piano can wreck a home more completely than dynamite!" He shook his fist energetically at the innocent piece of furniture. "Anyway, I feel horribly relieved that you've found me out, and I'll forgive the little trick you've played on me." Well! No matter. The next noon he came in smiling, and carrying a thick roll of new pieces of the most startlingly unclassical order; but she has learned them all now, and he doesn't read when she plays; he only looks ridiculously contented with his pipe.

And if little Mrs. Printemps is wise enough to play Daisy, when Beethoven's sonatas would send Jack to the club, it would seem that nature is sometimes more potent than art, even at this lag-end of the nineteenth century.

## "The Red Route."

St. James' Budget.

JOHN BULL has sons in many lands, his very blood and bone,  
Young giants with their father's face,  
Whom he will ne'er disown:  
Their homes are scattered far and wide, but  
O'er our ocean path,  
These sturdy scions come in crowds to cheer  
The old man's hearth.

CHORUS.—Here's to the Red Route—our own route!

Round the world from east to west Britons hold the track;  
Colony and Motherland,  
Grasping each the other's hand:  
O'er the sea from strand to strand,  
Floats the Union Jack.

To-day they send a cricket team; to-morrow comes a crew,  
Intent on showing folk at home what folk abroad can do:  
They hold their own in every sport—they run, they ride, they shoot,  
And Britain welcomes all who come by Pans-Britannic route."

CHORUS.—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

John Bull is glad to see his boys so resolute and bold,  
While they rejoice that Father shows no sign of growing old;  
Whate'er their views on other points, on this they all agree—  
While Britons hold the ocean they will prosper and be free!

CHORUS.—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

Then strengthen every link that binds the father to the son;  
A good beginning has been made, but all has not been done;  
We've set our girdle round the earth, it's beautiful, it's long,  
But let us work without delay to make and keep it strong.

CHORUS.—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

Some call John Bull a tradesman, and would gladly steal his trade;  
But let them call him what they will, John Bull is not afraid;  
He'll fight to keep his commerce, and the victory will be,  
For those who hold in peace and war dominion on the sea.

CHORUS.—Here's to the Red Route, etc.

Binding us together and defying all attack,  
Colonies and Motherland,  
Oldest, youngest of the band,  
On together, hand in hand,  
Never looking back!

It Has Long Been Popular.

"They are now using glass for filling teeth, and it is said to be excellent for the purpose, especially for the front teeth, being less noticeable than gold," says *Current Literature*.

This habit of filling the front teeth with a glass has long been practiced in Toronto, but has never been inexpensive.

—Fliegende Blätter.



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## Between You and Me.

A RESTFUL memory of old times comes to me sometimes; that memory of the late afternoon hour, when, in the old home, there was a long sitting in the gathering dusk, a silent sitting, a drowsy, meditative, half asleep hour, when the lamps waited to be lighted and no one moved to light them, but sat, book on knee, work hanging from idle fingers, eyes half closed, and every faculty at rest. Presently came the stamping of the boys, the hurried rush to the match-stick, the flare of the lamps, the song of the kettle, the rattle of the tea cups. The air was vibrant with the sounds of the family life; the yawn, sleepy, drowsing hour was chased away!

"I think," said grandma, "that you young people don't talk very nicely nowadays." The young people, who had been discussing the attitude of the sexes, were confused, for grandma rarely speaks to find fault. They wondered what they had said. Grandma went on, "It's all a mistake you girls make, parading your independence. How you do act, to be sure! In the street, you push your way through the crowd ahead of your escort. He doesn't like it, I can see. Then, when you come into a crowded car and a man rises to give you a seat, as he knows he should, you say, in a high key, 'No, thank you. I don't wish to take your seat,' instead of making pretty eyes and a grateful mouth at him, and taking the proffered kindness, as you have a right to. Then you pull on your own coat, and swing those great cloaks around you, instead of asking some man to lay them over your shoulders, as he would like to do. All the little courtesies of life are yours by right, men are happy to bestow them on you, but no man is ready to offer them again after you have once snubbed him." "But," said one of the girls, "those dreadful remarks in the papers about men and women in the street cars." "I've read them," said grandma, settling her specs and resuming her knitting, "and I believe women wrote them."

Independence is the prerogative of the shop-girl, the typewriter, the toiler for bread, to whom the small courtesies of life from the sterner sex are practically forbidden, because she, poor maid, must keep herself distant and reserved against misconception. She puts on her own coat, pays her own fare, crowds alone through the jam of humanity, because, of all people, she needs help and courtesy and kindness the most; because the world is much awry, and he who would be kind, dare not, while he who dares, must not. But independence is not always necessary, and unless it be necessary it is unlovely. One hears a lot of grumbling at the discourtesy, indifference and selfishness of men nowadays. What else can one expect? The practice of civility has been laughed to scorn by women crazed with some monstrous notion of independence. The knights of to-day are brave fellows, I can tell you! It was a grand and glorious business some centuries ago, made so by the recognition and admiration of women, but nowadays, with the glare of self-reliance in every female eye, the lustre of civility is dim and uncertain. Oh, a judicious helplessness, my sisters, is a power to be recognized and used for the good of ourselves and our men-folk, and, as grandma said many of us neither talk nor act nicely now, adays in this matter.

The most absurd application of this idea comes to me. I see a long board table, piled high with butter, fowls, eggs, turkeys, and having for back-ground a row of market women, black, yellow and white. At the end sits a handsome brown woman, with laughing eyes and kinky curls, and an amber bead necklace half lost in the folds of her fat neck. She used to lecture me in this fashion: "See here, honey, you never get married, way you go on. You too smart, honey, gen'men don't like smart young ladies, not to marry! You jes' fol' up you' han's an' 'low you don' no nuffin', an' someone come 'long an' marry you, jes' out o' pity. You min', yo' auntie tells you true." I sometimes wonder if Mr. Gay pitied me! It seems so unlikely that perhaps it may be so!

What queer people drift to a city! Here come the tillers of the soil, when their hands are horny and their purses heavy, to live a lonely life, between the memory of sweet nature and the present oppression of bricks and mortar; to stare with bovine directness at the butterflies of fashion flitting in and out of the shops of a morning; to wonder, uncomprehendingly, why they don't flit of an afternoon, for what can the tillers of the soil conceive of visiting lists and teas? I saw such an one at luncheon the other day, and he fixed his mild eyes on me and stared like a Heidelberg student. Do you know the stare of the Heidelberg student, the undiluted essence of active impertinence that respects nothing or no one? I remember a few years ago, when the four corners of the earth foregathered in Dublin, for the honor of grand

old Trinity's three hundredth birthday, that among other queer-looking specimens there came two Heidelbergers. They had long knee-boots, tight white breeches, black velvet coats, swords and gauntlets, and wonderful little hats with one white ostrich plume a yard long, nodding up from the front. And the people out-stared them! It was so lovely. The magnificent Dublin girls neither blushed nor faltered under the Heidelberg gaze—they went them one better. And the students seemed to lose their traditional impudence; of their very strut seemed to falter; one of them confided to me that he felt vanquished. The other one went out and got gloriously drunk, and drew his sword and wanted to fight, and the last I saw of him was when he was being borne in triumph on the shoulders of two stalwart Trinity men; his hat on hind-side before, the white feather streaming with a broken back to the midnight breeze, and shouts of merriment drowning his attempts to sing, as he and his hearers blocked the pavement after the concert in Leinster Hall.

Ah, that concert reminds me of someone else, the man who was not as other men, who carried about him an atmosphere of refinement and spirituality, whose life was free from every tie but devotion to his Art, and whose last words voiced his life's consecration; the man to whose memory, even, I bow and kneel, now that he has gone away. That night Lord Leighton came to the concert with the Lord Lieutenant's party; from where I sat I could see the painter's shining, silvery hair, and now and then, when he turned to speak to the lady beside him, his pure chiselled profile. He was so rarely fine, the ideal artist in appearance, to know whom was not perhaps a liberal education, but more, an inspiration! Longfellow, whom I always revered and hoped to meet, and Leighton, whom having met at long intervals I hoped to meet again, have been my two most cherished ideals. Why does not Heaven send such men oftener?

LADY GAY.

## A Soft Answer.

Scottish Nights.  
The blacksmith of a certain village in Scotland is a good sort of fellow, but over fond of "whusky."  
Meeting him one day, the minister said: "Robert, this is an awful example to show your two sons! What can you expect to make of them with a drunken father?"  
The appeal was not lost on Robert, who, with a choking sensation in his throat, replied: "Weel, minister, I hope 'tae mak' me twa lads what it's no possible for you 'tae mak' your twa."

"Yes; and what is that, Robert?" asked the minister.  
"Weel, sir," said Vulcan, "I hope 'tae mak' them better men nor their father."

## Pneumatic Sleeves.

It seemed at one time as if some device such as blowing up a sleeve to hold it out would be necessary, but Fibre Chamois came on the scene just in the nick of time. One layer of the light weight No. 10, cut across the goods, will support any sleeve in the stiff and stylish grace which fashion demands—not for a day, but for as long as the garment lasts.

The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French lieutenant in Algeria. The lion afterwards ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude devoured all of superior grade to the lieutenant, who thereby found himself promoted to the rank of colonel.

## Irrigation in Dakota.

Is causing that much maligned section of the Western country to blossom like the rose. Quoting from a published article on the subject, it is stated that "Men who are accustomed to farming in non-irrigated districts are slow to believe the reports of enormous yields of all kinds of farm products in those sections of the country where irrigation is practiced." An irrigated 40-acre farm produces greater and better results than a 640-acre farm cultivated in the ordinary way. In a few weeks we hope to be able to publish various items from different individuals giving their personal experience in irrigation farming.

In the meantime send for a free copy of an illustrated pamphlet in reference to irrigation in Dakota, published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. Address, A. J. Taylor, Canadian Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.

Windsor Salt for Table and Dairy Purest and Best.

## Plenty of It.



"So you mean to go around the world afoot."

"My doctor. He prescribed more exercise."

Who on earth put such an idea into your head?"</





The Woman's Art Association last Saturday held a meeting, for which Mrs. Beattie of Isabella street kindly opened her house, which was addressed by Miss M. A. Fitzgibbons, on the subject of historical paintings for the exhibition of 1897. The paintings had reference chiefly to the ceramic art, and the speaker felt sure that sets of china decorated with vignettes of the men and women celebrated in the early history of our country would be most suitable in helping to furnish the buildings which it was proposed to erect for the celebration, would aid in the formation of a permanent historical collection such as England possessed, and would very possibly find purchasers among our visitors from a distance, who would be glad to carry away so artistic a souvenir. Among the names suggested for these vignettes were: Madame Frontenac, Madame de la Pettrie, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Margaret Choate, Madeline de Vercheres, Lady Carleton and Lady Simcoe. For many of these portraits some research might be necessary; some could be found in the galleries in France and England. Sketches of places would also be suitable for this purpose; early views of Toronto are procurable, or with the aid of imagination could be drawn; incidents in the lives of these early settlers could be depicted, such as the landing of Margaret Choate at Burlington Bay with her younger brothers, Madeline de Vercheres' encounters with Indians on several occasions when the protectors of the household were absent; a calendar which should be full of important dates, sketches, portraits, would reach a greater number of people than perhaps anything else. At the close of the very interesting talk which Miss Fitzgibbons declined to call a lecture, Mrs. Curzon, in response to a pressing invitation, added a few wise words, saying she felt just a little jealous for our own province and hoped much would be done for it, and as the history of a country was best written in its art, as with the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, so we should endeavor to have that writing of as high a character as was possible to us.

The seventeenth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy will this year be held in Montreal, and will be opened on Thursday, March 12.

Miss G. E. Spurr is at work on several sketches made in and about Doon, where she spent last summer and autumn. Some of the best of these were made in the latter season. A little woodland scene is especially fine in varying greens, in perspective and in color.

At the sale of pictures at Messrs. Dickson & Townsend's last week, very good prices were realized. Many prominent men, already owners of some fine things, were among the buyers.

Mr. George Bruenech has been holding an exhibition of his water-colors in the Newmarket House Gallery, London, England, of which the *Court Circular* has the following to say: There is a breadth of feeling and realism in his finest picture (43) *Sunset on "Hornelen," Norway*—in fact, it would be hard indeed to beat this painting, which is wonderfully true to nature, conveying at once the impression of the great beauty of the scene. It is decidedly the gem of Mr. Bruenech's collection, although (26) *Svaerholklubben*, near North Cape, Norway, at Midnight, (29) *Midnight in the Lofoten Islands*, and (38) *Midnight Sun Effect, Tys Fjord*, are all hardly less beautiful in their coloring and scenery.

Any person who can write can learn to draw. In fact, as Homer says, all writing, whether careful or careless, is drawing of some kind, though the forms drawn are not natural, but conventional. By this he means useful drawing, which should not be compared and confounded with artistic drawing. He states the

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#### PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD. 53 KING ST. EAST TORONTO.

#### At the French Ball.



"How is your friend Reggy disguised to-night?" "As an honest politician."

difference thus: "The purpose of useful drawing is to explain the construction of an object, but the purpose of artistic drawing is to produce a visual effect to which full constructive explanation may be an impediment. The artist knows as much as a draughtsman, but he ought not to insist upon his knowledge. A poet may have studied geography, but he must not write like a geographer."

It is said that Aubrey Beardsley absolutely refuses to draw his pictures any larger than they are to appear in print. In this he is an exception to the average illustrator, who draws his pictures many times their size when reproduced. Perhaps if Aubrey were to make his grotesque creations any larger than as they appear, he would be so startled by their amazing disresemblance to anything in earth or sea that he would not care to have them reproduced at all. A good many people think it's hardly worth while as it is.

At the last regular monthly meeting of the Art Students' League the following new members were elected: Misses E. Hemming, M. Wills and L. Winch, and Mr. George Howell was elected to honorary membership. The reports of committees showed a flourishing progress.

A Boston painter who died not long ago was a broken-down wreck in his later days. Some feeling of pride and shame clung to him to the last, however, and, although he lived upon the charity of his friends, he never asked for money outright. In the crown of his hat he pasted this request: "Please lend me a quarter," printed in big, staring letters. When making a call he would doff his hat with much show of dignity, and there would be the mute appeal staring in the face of his intended victim. The scheme never failed.

The *Lounger of The Critic* has this to say of Mr. William Chase's proposed trip to Spain:

Mr. Chase is going to have a studio in Madrid. I can see it now. If his studio in New York was so well worth seeing, what will his studio in Madrid be? I envy those art-students, and would give a great deal to see that Spanish studio, but I hate to think of the beautiful studio in Tenth street as a thing of the past. After the Spanish trip Mr. Chase will take his pupils to Holland. This will bring the art itinerary down to 1897, after which Mr. Chase will abandon the teaching of art and devote himself entirely to painting. He has recently bought a house in Stuyvesant Square, and there he will have his studio. But none of the old things will be found in the new place. All the effects in the Tenth street studio—the paintings, tapestries, bronzes, brasses, porcelains and furniture—will be sold, even the famous and valuable collection of finger-rings, probably the finest in America. Mr. Chase has the true spirit of the collector—sell out and begin again. Well, this gives other collectors a chance. I am sure that this successful teacher's determination to cut short his teaching after a year or two more will fill many a heart with dismay. Mr. Chase has done a great deal for the art-student, and he fair, the art-student has done a great deal for Mr. Chase.

"If you would like something unusually fine," said the art dealer, "I have a genuine Turner I shall be happy to show you." "A picture that's painted on one side is good enough for me," responded the wealthy contractor, transfixing the presuming tradesman with a sharp glance, "if it's well done."

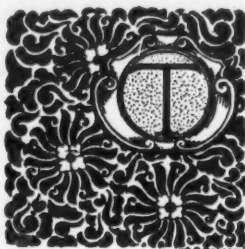
How many of the great artists were of humble origin and had to make their way in the face of poverty and other obstacles. Claude Lorraine was a pastry cook; Tintoretto, a dyer; one of the Caravaggios was a grinder of colors, and the other a mortar-carrier at the Vatican; Giotto was a peasant lad; Salvador Rosa, an associate of robbers; Canova, a stone-cutter; Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of a keeper of a public house, and Turner, of a barber.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

#### How Are You Standing It?

Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent English physician, once said that he never knew of a case of physical breakdown from overwork alone. He attributed these conditions to the use of alcohol, tobacco and habit producing drugs, such as opium, morphine, cocaine and chloral. In the majority of cases, and he predicted inevitable collapse sooner or later for those accustomed to a more or less constant stimulation to overcome the strain of continued mental or physical effort. There can be no doubt that the man who maintains his strength by the use of proper nourishment and refrains from stimulants will in every case stand the test of endurance long after the tippler had given up the bottle. Valuable corroborative evidence of this is afforded by the experience of several professional men who have taken the Lakehurst treatment at Oakville during the last four years. They tried hard work plus stimulants years ago, and they are doing hard work minus stimulants now. The treatment has removed the poison from the system and with it the necessity for its further use, and they consequently find their power of endurance multiplied. If you are relying upon stimulation to carry you through you are leaning on a broken reed. Go to Oakville for a month; then observe how much better the "without" plan works. No home treatment. No branch institutes. Toronto offices, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

#### In the Darkness.



memory a melancholy tinge, and she could have sworn it transformed itself into a dirge.

The congratulatory guests, now all gone, passed in review before her, and their words of compliment, heard again, contained stabs. Their smiles became sneers. The joy that she had felt as the prime figure in the wedding spectacle seemed now to come back to her strangely metamorphosed into pain.

The memory of her husband's kisses came upon her then, and she shuddered in the darkness. She held herself still a moment and then moved slowly, slowly to the very edge of the bed. She felt then as if she had left her husband miles and miles away.

Then a face seemed to form itself in the darkness close to her own. A face with heartache in its eyes. A face she did not know yet seemed to half-remember. The tenderness of the eyes seemed at once to caress and to rend and smite her. The lips appeared to invite and affright her own. Her heart seemed to flush with blood until it overflowed and the overflow was as a chill.

She cowered into the bed, but could not turn away towards her husband. The eyes held her, though she longed to escape. "Who are you?" she whispered. "The man you have forgotten," came the reply.

"No, no, no. I remember, but would forget. Go away!" she cried in words so low that she thought she spoke not at all, so great was her fear that her husband would hear. "Good-bye," and the lips kissed hers. A sob shook the bed and the husband awoke. "What is the matter, darling?" he asked. "I was dreaming."

He took her to his arms and kissed her. At her shudder he said, "Poor little girl," and patted her hair with his hand and fell asleep again.

#### The Fakirs of India.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford in an interview with a representative of the *Illustrated American* was asked how he accounted for the phenomena witnessed by him in India.

"It would be pretty hard," he said, "to account for all of them. But while I was in the East I heard a story that suggests an explanation. One day in India a most extraordinary performance took place before a large crowd of people in the open air. An Indian, who was supposed to be exceptionally gifted with occult powers, took a man, cut him into pieces, and then brought him to life again. Of course, everyone that saw the thing done was horrified and amazed. Shortly afterwards, a boy who was up in a tree, just about the spot where the performance took place, was asked if he had seen the Indian cut up the living body of the man. 'No,' he said, 'I didn't see him cut up a man, but I did see him cut up a squash.' The inference is, of course, that the Indian had hypnotized the crowd and made them believe the squash was a man; but as he didn't know the boy was up in the tree the hypnotic influence didn't extend there."

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HUMBER—Not much in your study. It does not reveal much self-reliance; seems to be the writing of a young person decidedly lacking in force and not at all original. An unawakened nature, maybe, but showing care and affection, some ambition, gentleness and a tendency to refinement. Brace up, be yourself, don't be afraid.

VALERIE—This is a rather finely strung psychologic personage, very impressionable, but with strong individual traits, somewhat prejudiced, apt to act from impulse, at once shrinking and candid, not markedly systematic in work, hopeful and generally buoyant, but rather affected by environment, with good sequence of ideas, but unequal

expression. A creature to be patiently and carefully studied, especially by himself.

HILLY HOLLY.—1. She is either married or a horrible humbug. Seriously, there is a husband, a very nice fellow, and, as you say, he won't be ignored at all times. I shall tell the lady of your compliments and I'm sure she will blush. 2. Your writing shows refinement, good temper, gentleness and generosity, much sympathy, tact and appreciation. You are candid and a wee bit careless of details, but should be a charming woman, somewhat of an idealist, and sure to be popular. Surely you are not very old. Your taste in dress and artistic matters should be good, and your manner pleasing.

JOAN.—I have done something very like this recently. Is this surely your first effusion? It is an unfinished character, full of possibilities, but not yet poised nor decided. The mind is practical, sense of justice exact, affection strong, truth unimpeachable; will firm and purpose constant, but decision yet wavering in certain matters. Steady yourself; find your balance, and you'll do. Anyone who doubts, every letter as you do should attain excellence, if only for conscientious performance. You have a strong groundwork, with considerable refinement and appreciation of beauty; should be a friend worth having, and if you are wise you can supply exactly the elements needed by that impulsive creature whose study came with yours.

DARYL.—1. Are you really a man? There is an unreasonable streak in you, which seems quite feminine. I am quite proud of the place habit has given me in your esteem; "quite an old friend," even though the friendship be formed with printer's ink, is a fine position. 2. Your writing shows great individuality, a very delicate sense of honor, a direct and sometimes hard method, ambition, buoyancy and very great force of determination. There are few sluggish hours in your twenty-four; vitality is very strong, and tenacity of opinion as the air you breathe. You are logical, but not diplomatic, cautious and conservative, but not narrow, probably upright and self-respect are your best stand-bys. They are fine. You are capable, my friend, of very great depth of affection which might be both jealous and exacting. As you are strong, be merciful!

TAOT.—I hope you got home safely, such a nice creature you are; we can't afford to lend you any longer to the far West. I hope your patience was not worn out. Your turn comes just now. 2. And now for your character. It is one which strikes at once with a ring of truth and honesty, and the force, perception, mental equipment and everything else that makes for pleasing individuality is of the first order. Hope, humor, vivacious mind, receptive attitude, excellent temper and sunny disposition generally, with adaptability, originality and a certain finality of decision and purpose, which flashes off your doing in a most satisfactory and delightful manner. I think you should be thorough. The exception you take to those pictures only shows that the taste of the world varies; I've forgotten them. By the way, your faults, I believe, you requested a mention of? I think you are a bit uncompromising and inclined to over-assertion. So strong a nature is almost sure to overlap the border line, and in doing so, one is so apt to jettison someone. The strength is not the cause, but the self-assertion. I have even to say this much, in the face of your truly delightful writing.

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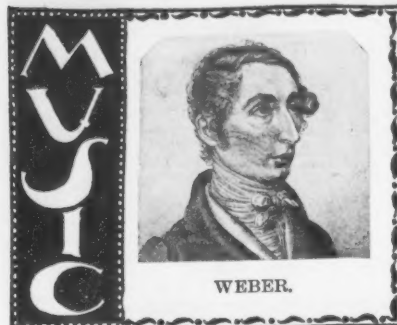
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WEBER.

I understand that it is the intention of the Philharmonic to repeat The Creation at an early date. This announcement will be generally regretted. The policy of repeating performances of familiar works, if persisted in by the society, will, I believe, tend to discourage the chorus and at the same time lessen public confidence and diminish public interest in the work of the organization. What is wanted at this stage is concerted action on the part of all concerned in the direction of enlarging and improving the chorus and in introducing novelties in the special line of work taken up by the society. The recent performance of The Creation was chiefly interesting as a demonstration of the conductor's fitness for the responsible position he has been elected to fill. When all the circumstances connected with the performance are considered it cannot but be admitted that the result was most encouraging and that there was every reason to hope for a revival of interest in oratorio work in this city. Having proven the conductor's ability, it is the duty of those in charge of affairs to endeavor, before again appearing in public, to so strengthen their choral and other resources that there will be no occasion to apologize for the performances on the score of inadequate means of interpretation. Several more such performances as the first concert of the society this season would kill it beyond any hope of resurrection. The public are weary of excuses of "good under the circumstances" order. Toronto is no longer an overgrown village, and our patrons of music, who have exercised every possible patience for years past, are beginning to feel that they have a right to expect performances in keeping with the importance of the city. Any other order of work, it is safe to prophesy, will receive no further support than its merits entitle it to. It is more than likely, were an aggressive policy pursued, that a number of recruits might be obtained for the chorus from the Mendelssohn Choir and the Male Chorus Club, both of which societies are now closing their season's work. The Creation has now been in the hands of the chorus for a year past and it will be a miracle if they hold together and consent to be worried with it any longer this season.

The subscribers' list for the Albani concert is assuming large dimensions and a brilliant audience for the important concert is a certainty. The great prima donna sang in Montreal last week and was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Montreal critics are unanimous as to her great triumph on this occasion. She is said to be singing as well as ever, and with the fine company of assisting artists she brings with her it is not too much to predict that the concert in Massey Music Hall on February 21 will be among the most memorable musical events of the year. The audience will include many visitors from different towns and cities of the province, a large number of seats having already been booked for outside parties. Albani has just returned from Germany and in an interview makes the following interesting statements concerning her musical experiences in the Fatherland. She says: "My tour in Germany was a delightful one. Apart from any success I made, it was a pleasure for me to sing my leading and favorite roles in those German art centers where there is such a devotion to and appreciation of art. There is an atmosphere which brings to the front the best one can do. They are critical, but they are also appreciative. I will sing there again with the greatest pleasure." She also makes most kindly reference to the people of Canada, and expresses her most grateful appreciation of the love she has always been shown in this, her native land.

The concert given on Friday of last week by the Metropolitan church choir, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, was worthy of the well earned reputation of that organization. The chorus singing was solid and in other respects very satisfactory. Mr. Albert Jordan, the solo organist, played in a manner which reflected great credit upon his teacher, Mr. Torrington. Mons. Mercier, the well known tenor, assisted the choir. His rendering of Rossini's Cujas Animam (Stabat Mater) was received with warm applause and he was obliged to respond to an encore. Miss S. Heron sang very acceptably, and Miss Dingle, the new contralto, sang But the Lord is Mindful of His Own (Mendelssohn) with artistic style and a voice of remarkable power and breadth. Miss Alice D. Burrows in How Blest He was also very successful. In the duet, By Thee with Bliss (Creation), Miss Burrows and Mr. Richardson scored a decided success. Mrs. Flint, Mr. McLean, Mr. Fieldhouse, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Chester and Miss Warden took solo parts and acquitted themselves very creditably. Mr. Torrington played the accompaniments in his usual able manner, and the audience felt that this fine organ and excellent choir should more frequently give the public an opportunity of listening to such programmes as that presented on this occasion.

An excellent concert was given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington. The entertainment was one of a series which is being provided under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Auxiliary. A programme of unusual merit was presented, and the manner in which it was carried out gave the greatest satisfaction to those present. Organ solos were contributed in good style by Mr. Albert Jordan and Mrs. K. Smith. Miss Kathryn Birnie rendered, with her accustomed success, Leschetizky's Piccola and Liszt's Hungarian

Rhapsodie. Miss Fannie Sullivan and Herr Rudolf Ruth gave an admirable example of ensemble work in Grieg's duo Sonata for piano and cello. The interpretation given this characteristic work was, as might have been expected, excellent in all details. The vocal numbers included selections by Miss Heron, Miss Dingle, Miss Burrows and Mr. W. J. Carnahan, all of whom acquitted themselves admirably. Miss Dingle, a comparatively new comer, won a pronounced success in her solo and was enthusiastically encored. A recitation by Miss May E. Mathews and several other selections made up a programme which was of unusual interest and attractiveness throughout.

A congregational praise service was held at Erskine Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening of last week, when a more than usually interesting programme of sacred music was rendered by the efficient choir of the church under the direction of Mr. Arthur Hewitt, organist and choirmaster of the church. The chorus work of the choir was excellent and reflected most creditably upon the members and their painstaking leader. A feature of the service, and one which has been noted in this column before in connection with the services at Erskine, was the heartiness and musical effectiveness of the congregational singing. Most of our churches might well profit from the example set by Erskine church in their fine hymn singing. Solos were ably rendered during the evening by Mrs. Scrimger-Massie, Miss Mortimer, Miss Westman, Mr. McIntyre and Mr. Mills. Mrs. Massie sang Holden's arrangement of Nearer my God to Thee in her usual sympathetic and artistic manner. Miss Westman deserves special mention for her admirable work during the evening.

Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the eminent pianist who appears at the Mendelssohn Choir concert on Tuesday evening next in Massey Music Hall, continues to win fresh triumphs in the leading cities of the neighboring republic. Her reception at the recent concert of the New York Liederkreis is described by the Musical Courier as having been "tremendous." The opinion is freely expressed by competent critics that Mrs. Zeisler is the greatest of living woman pianists. Dr. Hanslick, the eminent critic of Vienna, says that "Her delicacy in the finest florid work is as marvelous as her fascinating energy in forte passages. Her virtuosity is



Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler.

stupendous." The engagement of this remarkable player by the committee of the Mendelssohn Choir has aroused the keenest interest in local musical circles. Besides Mrs. Zeisler, the foremost of American tenors, Mr. W. H. Rieger, will take part in the concert, singing several solo numbers and the obligato in Fanning's Dramatic Scene, Liberty, which will then be given for the first time in Toronto. The chorus has never been in as good form as at present, and the programme to be presented by them is exacting, comprehensive and very agreeably varied. The plan opened at Nordheimer's on Tuesday morning last, and the list of subscribers obtained before that time is believed to have exceeded in numbers that of any similar event undertaken in Toronto, for some years at least. The unusually large number of our leading society and musical people who volunteered their subscriptions is tangible proof of the impression created by the chorus in its work last season. It is expected that the high standard reached last year will be fully upheld on Tuesday evening next. The plan is now open at Nordheimer's.

On Monday evening last an interesting recital was given by pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music at West Association Hall. A large audience was in attendance and an excellent programme was presented in a manner reflecting most creditably on the pupils and the institution with which they are associated. Among those taking part were the following piano pupils: Mr. Cecil Carl Forsyth, and Misses Letitia Whyte, Dora Anger, Maggie Mitchell, Gwendolyn Roberts, Helen Watkins, Ethel K. Martin and Harriet S. Taylor. Vocal selections were rendered by the following pupils: Misses Alice Malcolmson, Louise Howard, Minnie F. Hessin, Maggie Laidlaw, and Mr. A. Dockray. Two of Herr Klingenberg's violin pupils assisted, namely, Miss Maude Quelch and Master Oscar Taylor, and a reading was contributed by Miss Violet McNaughton. The audience was enthusiastic, and the work of the pupils generally proved conclusively the superior character of work being done in the new school of music.

A piano recital was given at Nordheimer's warerooms on Saturday afternoon last by Miss Ada E. S. Hart. The event attracted a large and critical audience, composed principally of our leading amateur and professional musicians, and a considerable contingent of local students of music. The programme was well chosen and interesting, including numbers by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Grieg, Chopin, Leschetizky and Paderewski. Miss Hart's playing was warmly applauded and much enjoyed by those present, and the desire was

expressed by many that similar Saturday afternoon recitals by the same and other artists might be given more frequently. Their benefit from an educational point of view is self apparent, and the interest taken in them, as evidenced by the large audiences present at both recitals given by Miss Hart, should encourage others to imitate her good example.

One of the best songs which has come under my notice for some time has just been published by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. The composer, Mr. C. A. E. Harris of Montreal, has in this work, which is entitled Under the Standard—words by C. Clifton Bingham—given a musical setting to a stirring and patriotic text which is certain to appeal strongly to all classes of singers. The time is opportune for a good work of this kind, and Mr. Harris has succeeded in this song in writing music brimful of martial spirit and dramatic fervor. Mr. Watkin Mills sang Under the Standard and met with the greatest success in its rendering. The song is suitable for bass or baritone.

Miss Eida Idle, the clever young pupil of Miss Norma Reynolds, sang with great success at a concert given in Meaford on Friday of last week. The Meaford Mirror says of her singing on this occasion: "Miss Idle's opening solo, Staccato Polka, by Mulder, was the signal for an outburst of applause that was only suppressed when the young artist bowed her graceful acknowledgments to her auditors. Miss Idle received three encores, to two of which she responded. Miss Idle was the star of the evening." The Meaford Ontario also accords the young soloist highest praise.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer's melodious ballad entitled The Song of the Southern Maiden, which was sung from manuscript at the recent Robinson-Marsick concert by Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, has since been published and may now be seen and purchased at any music-dealer's. In this effective song Mr. Nordheimer has struck a happy vein and has produced a musical setting to a pathetic text which is simple, eminently appropriate and full of sentiment. The song is dedicated by the composer to Miss Robinson.

At the suggestion of their many New York admirers, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson gave two song recitals in the metropolis on the afternoons of January 30 and February 6. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson also sang at a recent reception given at the home of Sir Roderick Cameron, and have been engaged for a number of important musical events in the near future in various Eastern cities. The success of these two Canadian artists is noted with much pleasure by their many friends in this city.

I regret to record the death of Mr. A. T. Burns, organist of McCaul street Methodist church, which sad event occurred on Saturday last. Mr. Burns was an organist of marked ability. His genial personal qualities and unassuming manner won for him many friends in this city who deeply regret his untimely death.

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# THE DRAMA

**J**OHAN HARE made a great hit in this city and it is conceded that he gave three nights of entertainment that rank with the best Toronto has had in many years. To the credit of the town, be it said that large audiences greeted Mr. Hare and his company at the four performances, for there were four when the matinee is included. Some wondered that he did not produce Mrs. Ebb-smith, but it would have been out of place, and John Hare and company are in their natural element in A Pair of Spectacles and in those clever little one-act pieces. Now that Mr. Hare is gone it is being regretted that he did not give us his repertoire, but it must be remembered that the playing of another piece at any performance would have reduced our opportunities for enjoying his Benjamin Gold-finch. We have had enough of Mrs. Tanqueray, Mrs. Ebb-smith, Camille and the rest of them. It is insisted that there is no art in repulsive paintings, and if this be not a false theory, then it applies also to the drama and there can be no art in repulsive plays.

Frank Mayo as Pudd'nhead Wilson gave us a fine bit of character work at the Grand for the first half of the week. There are faults in the construction of the piece, but it would be very hard, I should say, for anyone to improve upon Mr. Mayo's work. The real Pudd'nhead moves and lives upon the stage. In the prologue we see him a comparatively young man, and his person fifteen years later is in every particular a development of the man in the prologue. He has aged, he has grown more eccentric - it is as though the years had actually elapsed. The spectator scarcely ever is reminded that Mayo is an actor, in the simple naturalness of the work he does. The chief fault of the piece lies in the fact that when the two babies - palpably wooden dummies - are wheeled upon the stage in the prologue, the dullest person in the audience can quickly guess that the babies are to be shuffled together and exchanged; and when Pudd'nhead takes the impressions of their thumbs upon his bit of glass, the climax of the play is foretold, for one cannot help feeling that through this means the deceit will in the end be detected. However, it would be very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to avoid this.

Pudd'nhead was the creation of Mark Twain - David Wilson, a young lawyer from York state who settled in Missouri, and earned the name of Pudd'nhead by expressing a wish that he owned half of a certain dog that was howling dismally. When asked why he wished this, he said that if he owned half of it he would kill his half. The wise villagers pointed out that the other half would die, etc., etc., called him a Pudd'nhead and never forgot about that dog. These people were devoid of the divine gift of humor. Wilson held that no two human thumbs were alike in their shape and markings, and amused himself by getting impressions of thumbs upon glass. Compare thumbs. You will find that no two are alike in their tracings. To collect thumb-marks is a more interesting fad than the gathering of stamps, or coins, for such a collection will show a great variety of human documents. I think the fad will flourish.

The idea of exchanging babies is an old one, but it is doubtful if it has been practiced very often. A man recently died in Italy who claimed to be the real son of Napoleon Bonaparte, the real Prince of Rome who was supposed to have died young. A great many people believed in him, and well informed people, too, while others accounted for his striking resemblance to the Emperor by saying that he was a natural son. This man claimed to have been, as a child, juggled out of his heirship, through a plot in which many prominent people were engaged. Most of the stories and dramas hinging upon the exchanging of babies are probably written by unmarried men, who are notoriously unobservant in regard to babies, thinking that all infants look alike. But as no two thumbs are alike, and as no two adult human faces are alike in every detail, so it is with infants, for no two are alike. No mother can be deceived, and, I think, no father could be deceived - at least, no father who deserves to have a child. No nurse or ordinary woman would hesitate for an instant in identifying one baby among a dozen once she had been familiar with the little thing, however it might be dressed. This exchanging of babies is about as filmy as the stage device of having the villain put on a false beard, and, thus disguise, venture everywhere in perfect safety.

The company supporting Mr. Mayo is more than usually good. By this I do not mean that he has any stars shining about him, but he is supported by a company that is consistently good, each individual showing a special aptitude for the work required of him or her. All-round good companies are not seen every day, and the splendid results achieved by John Hare were in a measure due to the fact that even the smallest part in his comedy was played by a competent person.

The Boston Howard Athenaeum Specialty Company at the Toronto this week presented the usual melange of the vaudeville. Without being supremely effective, the Athenaeum Company preserves a general average of excellence that induces the spectator to sit out the whole performance. There are several bright specialties, notably the crayon drawing of Ralph Le-vino, who, while his side partner is singing an appropriate song, executes in rapid succession speaking likenesses of Mayor Fleming, ex-Adm. Shaw and Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Annie

Hart, a buxom young lady with leather lungs, sings songs of the Bowery girl type with enthusiasm. The programme is concluded with a lively set-to between Patrick McBride and Harry Walton, two light-weight pugilists. Around this little sparring match is built a little farce-comedy which depends for its vitality on the whimsicalities of Andy Hughes as Dennis McGuinness, sr.

Richard Malchien, who is well known here as the fencing master of the Toronto Athletic Club, is now traveling with Robert Mantell as leading man. In The Husband he plays the part of Gaston D's Vigny, and similar roles in other pieces. I understand that the Toronto Athletic Club offered Prof. Malchien an increased salary to retain his services, but Mr. Mantell offered better inducements.

At last H. Grattan Donnelly's great play, Darkest Russia, of which we have heard so much, is coming to the city. It will be presented at the Toronto Opera House all next week, with usual matinees, and the prices will not be raised. The play is presented on a grand scale and the plot is thrilling.

Edgar Pemberton, in his reminiscences of

Richard F. Carroll. The new people, who are believed to have added strength to the company, are William H. McLaughlin, Joseph Sheehan and John G. Bell. All of these were in the New York production of the merry opera, a production which is to be duplicated in every detail in Toronto. The excellence that this guarantee is shown by the fact that it was given to crowded houses for two hundred and fifty consecutive nights at the Herald Square Theater in New York, and was then forced to return to the same house for another month at the commencement of the season.

Bernhardt has always been a seeker after new sensations. On one occasion, while visiting Havana, she determined to take part in a bull fight. Every one gathered in the Plaza del Toros to see the actress kill the bull. She was pale and composed until the bull appeared. It was an immense fellow and kept pawing the ground. "Keep behind me," said the matador as two horses fell gored and mortally wounded. Sarah had a cape which she threw to one side and which was speedily ripped up by the bull, but she retained her sword. Presently the bull charged, then Bernhardt clung to the matador's coat-tails, jumping from side to side and



Miss Juliette Corden.

John Hare, says that a Scotchman once complained of Hare's rapacity in advancing prices. One night this canny gentleman came with his wife to the door of the pit, and found that the entrance fee was eighteen pence instead of the usual shilling. "Of course you did not go in," said the friend to whom this confidence was made. "Oh, yes, I went in," he replied, "but I sent my wife home, and so, through Mr. Hare's greed, put saxeence in my pocket." He also tells the following anecdote illustrating the thriftlessness of Ward, the original Baradas in Richelieu. One night Ward met Elton on Wellington street, in London, and, rushing up to him, said, "Dear boy, I am penniless. I haven't had a bite for three days." Elton, who was rather out of funds, gave him his second half-sovereign. Ward pocketed it with a "thanks," and, hailing a passing cab, drove off.

At the play. She-Those two men alone in the box are father and son. Which is the father? He-The one who is peering over this way with his glasses. She-And which is the son?

Mr. Neil Burton, elocutionist, expects to soon make a professional tour of the province.

On Monday evening, February 10, Mr. Frank Yeigh will deliver a new illustrated lecture in the theater of the Normal School to the students of the School of Pedagogy and the Normal School on the Battlefields, Heroes, Cities and Scenery of Canada. Hon. G. W. Ross will act as chairman.

First Actor-Well, how are you getting on? Second Do-Huauyauisakau-walushachtmei-hababibi-ohwauwaurrrrrrrrriroforewa! First Do-Why, what's up with you? How long is it since you began speaking Chinese? Second Do-Chinese? No, my boy; that's English as she is spoke by Henry Irving on the stage.-Das Alphorn.

Some time back the play of Hamlet was being performed at a provincial theater. In a scene with Polonius, the crafty old courtier asks: "Do you know me, my lord?" The Prince responds: "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger." On hearing this an old woman in the pit stood up, and, shaking her fist, shouted; excitedly: "Well, and s'posing he is -that's better than play-actin', any day!"-Tit-Bits.

One of the most successful weeks of romantic opera Toronto has known in many years was that of last season when the Whitney Opera Company, unique in the perfection of ensemble rather than the greatness of a single name, presented De Koven and Smith's Rob Roy here for the first time. The same admirable organization returns to the Grand the first half of the coming week. The cast remains practically the same, including, among the former favorites, Juliette Corden, Lizzie MacNichol, Anna O'Keefe, William Pruette, Harry Parker and

trembling all over. "Take me away-Oh, mon Dieu, take me away," she shrieked. It was some time before the matador could comply and the bull charged again and again, on one occasion grazing the actress's skirts. At last she was lifted over the barrier and fell limp as a rag on the other side. Since then she has confined her eccentricities to snakes and other less dangerous pets.

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**A Mock Parliament**  
Will be given by the Ladies of this city, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.  
TO BE HELD IN THE  
Pavilion, on Tuesday, February 18th  
AT 8 P.M.  
The Premier will be represented by (Mrs.) Dr. Stowe. Mrs. McDonald will be leader of the Opposition. A treat is expected.  
General admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 50c  
Plan open next week.

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Buildings-13 story, eight-roomed Cottage, furnished; Ice House, Boat House and Wharf.  
Separate Tenders will be received for the purchase of a Coal Oil Launch, 30 x 6 made by Gillies of Carleton Place. Two Bow Seats and Fittings, all in first-class condition.  
Tenders also accepted for the whole property. No tender necessarily accepted.  
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## Social and Personal.

On Tuesday evening last Miss Lottie Hill gave a very pleasing evening party to some of her special friends at 222 Sherbourne street. Those present were: Miss Switzer, Miss McMullen, the Misses Westman, Miss Cooper, the Misses Marks, Miss Mamie Brick, Miss Maud Brick, Miss Wilkinson, and Messrs. A. A. Burk, Chisholm, Broughton, Elliott, Harcourt, Stubbs, Fred Westman and R. H. Henderson.

The city of Guelph was the scene of one of those wonderfully interesting events on Wednesday, February 5, when one of the fairest of the fair daughters of the city became a bride. St. James' church was crowded to the doors and many could not gain admittance at the hour appointed. When Miss Beatrice Chisholm, daughter of the late T. C. Chisholm of Toronto, became Mrs. Eardley-Wilmot, no handsomer couple ever stood before the altar than Kenred Eardley-Wilmot of the Bank of Montreal, son of the late General F. M. Eardley-Wilmot, R.A., F.R.S., and Miss Chisholm. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and shrubs, while over the chancel steps hung a large bell of pink and white carnations with a clapper of white lilies. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. J. Belt, rector of the church, and the bride was met at the door by the choir singing the hymn, "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." Mr. T. W. Saunders gave the bride away, and her sister, Miss Fay, made a very sweet bridesmaid, dressed in golden brown velvet, plain full skirt, Louis XVI. coat edged with fur, vest and stock of white satin, ruffles of white chiffon, etc. The bride was very handsomely gowned in white satin with pearl passementerie and white chiffon; bridal veil held in place by a spray of orange blossoms and pearl crescent; superb bouquet of white roses. Mrs. Chisholm, the bride's mother, looked exceedingly well in black brocade, with beautiful honiton lace fichu, violets and bouquet of roses. The groomsmen were Mr. R. A. Bull, while Messrs. B. D. Saunders, A. M. Bethune and A. D. Heward of Toronto performed the duties of ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the residence of Mrs. Chisholm, where congratulations and good wishes were showered on the happy couple, who left at 4:20 for New York and the East. Amongst the guests were noticed: Mr. L. H. and Mrs. Clarke of Toronto, Mrs. Macfarlane of Stratford, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Dixon, Dr. and Mrs. Leat, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Rev. A. Seaborn of Toronto, Mrs. E. Harvey, Miss Harvey, Miss Pipe, Mrs. and Miss Finlay, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Dartnell of Whitby, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Finlay, Miss Hall, Mrs. Mackinnon, Mrs. Oxnard, Mrs. Belt, Miss Keating, Miss F. Hall, Mr. William Pipe, Mr. C. L. Dunbar and Mr. C. L. Nelles.

Mr. and Miss Oulcott entertained a number of their friends at their beautiful home on Bathurst street on Wednesday evening.

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. are arranging for a very unique entertainment to be held at the Pavilion on Tuesday, February 18. It will be a mock parliament conducted entirely by ladies, and on the raised platform there will be seats for about fifty representatives of constituencies, the Government party on the side of the aisle to the right of the speaker and the members of the Opposition on the left. All the details are not ready for announcement, but I understand that Mrs. Dr. Stowe will be leader of the Government; Mrs. McDonald of Sarnia, leader of the Opposition; Mrs. O. Rutherford, Speaker, and Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Minister of Education. There will also be a Patron party, with a leader, but fuller particulars will be given next week.

The Young People's Association of St. Stephen's church held a very successful concert in Broadway Hall on Thursday evening of last week in aid of the Gymnasium Building Fund. The financial result was the transfer to the fund of a nice little donation. The programme was furnished by the Victoria Minstrel Club, composed of such well known local talent as Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, Mr. J. F. Kidner, Mr. R. H. Greene, and Mr. R. W. Kidner. The very funny men were Messrs. W. F. Lancaster, John Morris, Fred Smyth, and J. F. Kidner, the last named excelling himself as an elocutionist and impromptu speaker. Mr. Rudge sang, to the delight of the audience, the song, "Ships That Pass in the Night," and as leader of the famous Picaninny Band he rivalled our beloved Sousa and the late lamented P. T. Barnum.

Charming Miss O'Flynn of Madoc has been the guest of Mrs. Neville since last week, and her many Toronto friends have been delighted to welcome her amongst them once more. Miss O'Flynn's splendid talents, while playing has won several beautiful prizes during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gash have gone to live at 297 Sherbourne street. Mrs. Gash will be at home the first and fourth Mondays of the month.

Mrs. Harcourt of St. George street gave a tea yesterday afternoon.

Unsanitary Wall Coatings Condemned by the Bible.

"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or redish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shall shut the house seven days. . . . And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place."

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont., giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you \$50.00.

To test a wall coating, take a small quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish over night, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kalamine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians. This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalamines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, porous, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

## They Wondered to See Him.

"I could not move a yard without help. I can now walk for miles."

There is certainly a very sharp contrast between these two statements. When we see a person who, because of illness, is unable to move a yard without help, we do not expect to meet him on the road and on foot miles from home, soon thereafter; if indeed, we meet him at all. At least we should regard these extremes, considered as within the experience of the same man, and enclosed within a comparatively brief period of time, as something to wonder at and ask questions about. And people did wonder at and inquire about it. Many said the circumstances recalled the age of miracles, supposed to have passed forever away. The facts (briefly set forth in a letter from the man himself) are as follows. We may add that Mr. Henry Jackson is a farmer, well known and respected in his district, and his case is familiar to neighbors and friends of his throughout the vicinity.

"In the early part of 1892," says Mr. Jackson, "I began to feel weak and ailing. I was low in spirits, and my bodily strength seemed to be leaving me. There was a bad and nauseous taste in my mouth; my appetite, which had always been good, failed until I had no real desire for food. However, and after eating I had much pain at the chest and a fullness around the sides. My stomach always felt burning hot, and I had a gnawing pain at the pit of it."

"I remained in this general condition until August of the same year, when I was taken worse. My legs began to swell, and rheumatism set in all over me, more particularly in the hips and back. No local treatment had any effect upon it. It grew worse and worse, until I was no longer able to rise from my chair without assistance. In truth, I had no power over myself, and could not move a yard without help."

"I suffered so with mere pain that I could not lie in bed, and for over twelve months I never had my clothes off."

"During this time I was attended day and night, being literally unable to do anything of importance for myself. All the sleep I got was taken in naps and snatches while I was bolstered up in my usual place in an easy chair. Under the terrible strain of the pain and loss of proper rest my nerves broke down so that any uncommon event in the house or noise was more than I could bear. My heart was very bad, and thumped until I could scarcely stay in the chair and endure it."

"The doctor who had charge of my case said my condition was critical. He said my lungs and liver were badly affected, and that I had Bright's disease of the kidneys. Still his medicines did me no good, and after attending me ten months he said he could do no more for me. 'I then got a doctor from Bolton to see me, and he held out but slender hopes of my ever getting any better. I thought the same, and so did all who saw me.'

"In October, 1893, my daughter, Mr. Dickinson of Bolton, told me she had been benefited by taking Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and thought it might possibly help me. I had small faith, but there could be no harm in trying. So we sent at once to Mr. Pare, the chemist in Fold road, Bolton, for enough to decide whether it would do me good or not. After taking it a short time I was better. I could sleep better, and had some appetite for food, and what I ate agreed with me. This was hopeful and cheering indeed."

"I kept on with the Syrup and it acted wonderfully with me. The worst symptoms abated, and I gained strength. Soon all the water in my legs passed off and the rheumatism troubled me but little. Still using the Syrup, my condition continued to improve in every respect, until I once more stood on my feet and felt like a man of this world. I can now walk for miles and have no pain. All my friends think as I do—that under the circumstances my recovery was nothing short of marvelous. You are at liberty to publish this statement and refer any interested persons to me. (Signed) Henry Jackson, Pewett Hill Farm, Culcheth, near Warrington, October 9, 1895."

No words of ours can add to the convincing force of Mr. Jackson's plain statement. His disease was originally and radically of the digestion. The attack was sharp and profound, and developed into the resulting conditions he so well describes. He may not have Bright's disease, but that he was directly progressing towards that fatal malady there is no doubt. The effect of Mother Seigel's Syrup in his case only serves to show afresh its rare and remarkable power. Scarcely is so great a victory to be looked for from any medicine. Yet the facts are undeniable. We congratulate Mr. Jackson on his escape from a danger which was much more serious than even he probably imagined.

Miss Passe—Dear me! I cannot cross the street without a lot of horrid men staring at me. Maud Ethel—They don't look more than once, do they, dear?

Old Lady (to niece who is portionless)—How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of a man? Niece—The reason, dear aunt, is that I am not a good match.

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## Gone to New York.

Mrs. R. Wolfe, 107 Yonge street, left for New York on February 5 for the latest spring novelties for 1896, such as fine millinery, mantles and costumes. She will return on February 15 with all the latest fashions.

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## Births.

CLARK—Jan. 31, Mrs. Joe T. Clark—a son.  
GIANELLI—Jan. 29, Mrs. Alfred Gianelli—a son.  
MCINNES—Jan. 29, Mrs. W. R. McInnes—a daughter.  
THOMPSON—Jan. 16, Mrs. H. R. Thompson—a daughter.  
LEMOYNE—Jan. 28, Mrs. A. M. Lemoynes—a daughter.  
KRIMER—Jan. 31, Mrs. Fred Krimer—a son.  
ORTON—Guelph, Feb. 2, Mrs. T. Orton—a daughter.

## Marriages.

BOND—PEARSALL—At the residence of the bride's father, 417 Yonge street, Herbert W. Bond, G. N. W., to Louisa Mildred Pearsall, youngest daughter of Mr. George Pearsall, all of Toronto.  
STEWART—SEAGER—Jan. 29, Arthur Stewart to Octavia Seager.  
BALFOUR—MELLIS—Jan. 29, John Balfour to Jenny Mellis.  
OUTHERBERTON—MERSON—Jan. 29, James R. Outhberton to Isabella Merson.

## Deaths.

BURNS—Feb. 1, Alfred Tyler Burns, aged 28.  
GRAND—Jan. 30, Mary Ann Grand, aged 76.  
MUNSHAW—Jan. 30, George H. Munshaw, aged 40.  
THOM—Jan. 29, Walter Thom, M.D., aged 27.  
LUMSDEN—Central America, Dec. 29, Frank A. Lumsden.  
RUPERT—Jan. 30, Peter Rupert, aged 57.  
WRIGHT—Jan. 30, Minnie Wright, aged 23.  
DUNBAR—Jan. 31, Elizabeth Dunbar.  
OLIVER—Jan. 14, Mrs. W. G. Oliver, aged 45.  
SANDERS—Jan. 31, E. B. Sanders, aged 55.  
BROWN—Feb. 1, Peter J. Brown, aged 55.  
MILNE—Feb. 1, Thomas A. Milne, aged 68.  
CHADWICK—Ingersoll, Feb. 2, Charles E. Chadwick.  
COCKBURN—Gravenhurst, Jan. 30, Peter Cockburn.  
LABONT—Feb. 2, Donald Labont, aged 62.  
LANDSELL—Feb. 2, Frederick Landsell, aged 68.

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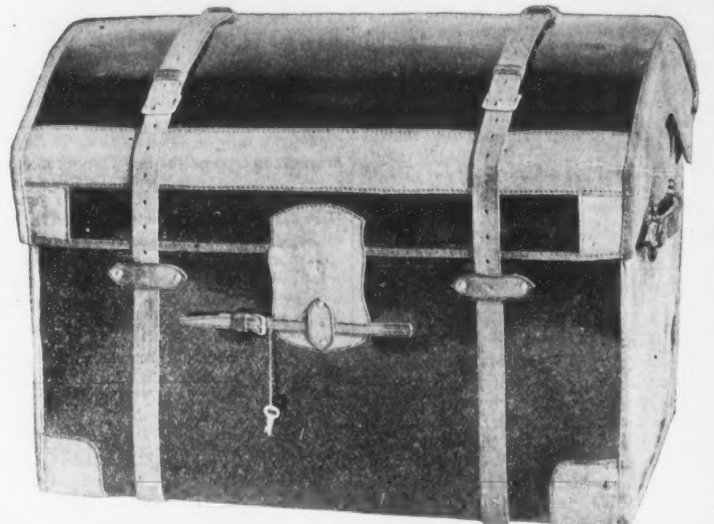
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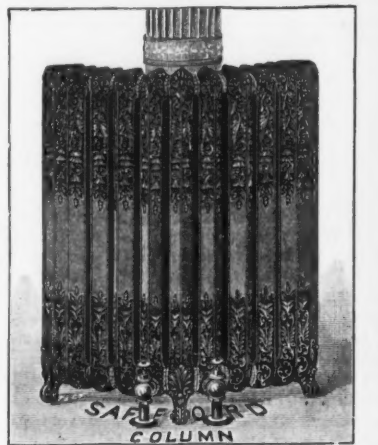
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